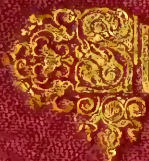


PS 1514
.D34
Copy 1



THE

BANKS
OF



SUSQUEHANNA:

POEMS by WM. A. DAVIES.
[THE GOLDEN MINER.]



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. *PS151A* Copyright No.

Shelf D34

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



11665.C

THE
Banks of Susquehanna :

OR,

THE LEISURE HOURS

OF

THE GOLDEN MINER,

BEING

A PRODUCTION OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF

WILLIAM A. DAVIES,

(THE GOLDEN MINER.)

EAST NANTICOKE, LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.

NEPHEW OF THE LATE IMMORTAL BARD,

REV. WALTER DAVIES, (GWALTER MECHEIN.)

INCUMBENT MINISTER OF MANAUV'N, NORTH WALES.

TRANSLATED INTO THE WELSH LANGUAGE BY

DAVID I. DAVIES, (DEWI IDLOES.)

EAST NANTICOKE.

Printed by BANNAN & RAMSEY, Pottsville, Pa.

1872.

Glenydd y Susquehanna :

NEU,

ORIAU HAMDDENOL

v

MWNWR EURAID;

SEF

CASGLIAD O WEITHIAU BARDDONOL

WILLIAM A. DAVIES,

(Y MWNWR EURAID.)

NANTICOKE DDWYREINIOL, SWYDD LUZERNE, PA.

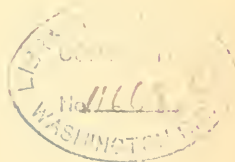
NAI I'R DIWEDDAR ANFARWOL FARDD

Y PARCH. WALTER DAVIES, (GWALLTER MECHAIN,) MANAFON,

WEDI EI GYFIEITHU O'R SAESNAEG
GAN DAVID I. DAVIES, [DEWI IDLOES.]

NANTICOKE DDWYREINIOL
Argraffwyd gan BANNAN a RAMSFY, Pottsville, Pa.

1872.



PS1514
J34



This Volume

is Respectfully Dedicated

TO MY THREE FAITHFUL AND AFFECTIONATE FRIENDS,

HARRY HAKES,

Of East Nanticoke ;

GEORGE P. RICHARDS

Of Plymouth ;

THEODORE HAMMER,

Of Mahanoy City ;

By their humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.





Y Gyfrol hon

A Gyswynir yn Barchus

I'M TRI CHYFAILL FFYDDLON A CHARIADLAWN,

HARRY HAKES,

O Nanticoke Ddwyreiniol ;

GEORGE P. RICHARDS,

O Plymouth ;

A

THEODORE HAMMER,

O Mahanoy City ;

Gan eu Gostyngedig Was,

YR AWDWR.





INTRODUCTION.

The author of this small volume was born near Tydvil's Well, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, South Wales, on the 25th of July, A. D. 1843. His family descended from Montgomeryshire, North Wales. During the early part of his life, his privileges of education were very narrowly limited, as his father many years before his death had lost his sight, and as the family consisted of seven in number, the author being the youngest, it may be easily imagined that the means of education could not be afforded, especially when we consider the situation of the working classes in Wales.

As his father in early life had drank freely from the fountain of knowledge, he was very cautious to teach his children the fundamental principles of learning, and make them conversant with scripture. Oftimes I have heard the bard say he was under the necessity of spelling and rehearsing three verses from scripture between his meals, otherwise he was under obligations to fast until the task was fulfilled; nevertheless, he had a kind father who was a pious Christian. This we can easily comprehend from the tenor of the poem entitled, "*O! that*



ERRATA.

Page 16—For “*geology*,” read “*theology*.”

Page 44—For “That bled there to save,” read “That bled their land to save.” And for “Historians ere to bring,” read “Historians e’er to bring.”

Page 64—For “A *humble* soul,” read “A *humbler* soul.”

Page 136—For “gore hath *closed*,” read “gore hath *colored*”

Page 138—For “Thou *eternally* shalt chant,” read “Thou *eternal* shalt chant.”

Page 144—For “the forest mammoth the squirrel,” read “the forest mammoth *to* the squirrel”

Page 40—For “The storms are over,” read “The storms of *life* are over.”

Page 56—For “*But* to your,” read “*Back* to your, &c.”

Page 146—For “Thy celestial *love*,” read “Thy celestial *robe*.”

G WALLAU.

Tud. 105, llin. 3, yn lle *arnat*, darllener *arnaf*.

Tud. 113, llin. 2, yn lle *circh*, darllener *erch*.



t
t
s

t
tl
co
he
ve
ob
,ha
con



RHAGARWEINIAD.

GANWYD awdwr y gyfrol fechan hon ger Ffynon Tydfil, yn Merthyr Tydfil, swydd Forganwg, D. C., Gorpenaf 25ain, 1843, eithr yn ddisgynedig o swydd Drefaldwyn, G. C. Yn moreu ei oes ni chafodd nemawr o fanteision dysg, o herwydd fod ei dad, flynyddau cyn ei farwolaeth, wedi cael ei ymddifadu o'i olygon. Gan fod ganddo i ofalu am saith o blant, yr ieuangaf o ba rai oedd yr awdwr, amlwg yw nas gallesid dysgwyl mwy o fanteision addysg iddynt nag a fwynheir yn gyffredin yn Nghymru. Gan fod ei dad yn moreu ei oes wedi ymhyfrydu mewn gwybodaeth, cymerodd gryn drafferth i egwyddori ei blant yn elfenau gwahanol ganghenau gwybodaeth, yn benaf oll bu yn dra gofalus i'w haddysgu yn egwyddorion y gyfrol ddwyfol. Clywais yr awdwr yn dywedyd ei fod dan yr angenrheidrwydd o sillebu ac adrodd tair o adnodau o'r ysgrhythyr lan rhwng ei brydiau bwyd, yn amgen byddai raid iddo ymprydio nes eu dysgu yn gywir. Er hyny yr oedd yn dad tyner ac yn Gristion cywir. Deallir hyny wrth ddarllen

with thee my faithful father," in which he describes his feelings in very pathetic language.

From the history which the bard has given me concerning his beloved father, it is briefly as follows:

He served many years in the British army; four years as a private kettle drummer in the 23rd regiment of the Royal Welsh Fusileers, then he was promoted to drum major, which office he fulfilled so as to give general satisfaction for the space of ten years.

The first cause of his blindness occurred after the siege of Gibraltar on the Mediterranean Sea, when he was visited with a disease, which affected his eyes. Owing to said disease, himself and several others were discharged. After his release from the army, he proceeded to Holywell, in Flintshire, North Wales, where he married a daughter of the late Rev. David Evans, minister of the Baptist Church—she proved a diligent and virtuous wife during life, and by her he had seven sons and three daughters. From Holywell he migrated to Merthyr Tydvil, where he entirely lost his sight, and where he reared his family by carrying on the nailing business; so he kept twelve workmen for the space of 26 years. He was beloved by all, both poor and rich. May he rest in peace after an age of pilgrimage.

The departure of the bard from his parents leaves a deep impression upon his mind up to the present day.

The kind advice given, the love and affection exhibited, and the briny tears that flowed perpetually nourish the fountain of regret.

In 1865 our hero emigrated to America, but previously he had married one Maria Jenkins, at Aberdare, South Wales, so

y gan a elwir, “*O! gyda thi fy nhad ffyddlonaf,*” yn mha un y desgrifia ei deimladau yn dra effeithiol a medrus.

Oddiwrth yr hanes a roddes y bardd i ni o barthed ei dad, ymddengys iddo dreulio llawer o flynyddau yn myddin Prydain Fawr. Bu bedair blynedd yn dabyrddwr cyffredin, yna dyrchafwyd ef yn rhingyll y tabyrddion yn y 23ain gatrawd o’r “*Milwyr Breiniol Cymreig,*” yr hon swydd a wasan-aethodd yn ffyddlon am yspaid deng mlynedd. Yr achos gwreiddiol iddo golli ei olwg oedd cael anwyd pan yn amddiffyn Caerfa Gibraltar, ar For y Canoldir. O herwydd iddo ef ac eraill glafychu cawsant eu rhyddid. Ar ol ei ryddhad aeth i Dreffynon, swydd Callestr, G. C., lle y priododd a merch y diweddar Barch. David Evans, gweinidog y Bedyddwyr, yr hon a fu yn amgeledd gymhwys iddo drwy ystod ei oes. Ganwyd iddynt saith o fechgyn a thair o ferched. O Dreffynon symudodd tad ein hawdwr i Ferthyr Tydfil, yn mha le y llwyr gollodd ei olwg. Cadwodd ddeuddeg o wneuthurwyr hoelion yn ei wasanaeth am 26ain o flynyddoedd, a pherchid ef yn fawr gan wreg a bonedd. Heddwch i’w lwch, ar ol taith o bererindod.

Y mae ymadawriad y bardd a’i rieni wedi gadael argraff ddwfn ar ei feddwl hyd heddyw. Y cynghorion dwysa roddwyd, y serch a’r cariad a ddangoswyd, a’r dagrau heilltion a dywalltwyd, a ddylifant mor nerthol, nes cadw ffynhonell hiraeth yn ddiysbydd.

Yn y flwyddyn 1865, ymfudodd ein harwr i’r America. Cyn hyny priododd ag un Maria Jenkins, yn Aberdar, D. C.,

Mr. Jenkins and the whole family, including our bard, embarked hither. Be it understood that Mrs. Davies' parents are strong promoters of learning, so in their persons the author found great consolation in his career to obtain knowledge, because they had the kindness to assist him to procure a variety of books, and also to three months of academical instruction at Lewisburg, Pa., which enabled him to reach his present position. As a miner, he has worked as much as the generality of his fellow workmen, beside preaching the gospel very frequently.

Like many more, it happens that he transgressed the laws of his employers to such a degree as to bring upon him their judicious revenge. These children of monopoly have deprived him of being able to obtain work *when* and *wherever* he makes an application, and all this is done because he has defended what *his* and *other* consciences believe to be justice. Amongst the working classes it is seldom we meet his equal; he possesses great energy of thought, fluency of speech, and expanded ideas. And as he commands a steady resolution with the truth for his shield, he is deemed almost unconquerable. He has been offered high offices, such as would benefit himself and family, providing he used his influence to invoke his fellow workmen to yield to their terms or not to interfere further in their cause. Such proposals he refused with scorn and contempt. So he became a mark for their venomous arrows. The result was, the refusal of work, and the turning himself and family out from their humble dwelling, to seek shelter under the canopy of heaven, with mother earth for their resting place.

Dear reader, I ask you, when will the day dawn when the

rhieni yr hon, ynghyd a'i brodyr a'i chwiorydd, a ymfusasant hefyd. Dealler fod rhiaint Mrs. Davies yn dra hoff o ddysgeidiaeth, a buont yn gynorthwy nid bychan i'n hawdwr yn ei yrfa wybodaethol, o herwydd iddynt ei ategu a gwahanol fathau o lyfrau, yr hyn, yn nghyd a'i gynorthwyo i gael tri mis o ysgol yn Lewisburg, a'i galluogodd i gyrhaedd ei safon bresennol.

Fel mwnwr, y mac wedi gweithio ar gyfartaledd a'r rhelyw o'i gydweithwyr, gan bregethu yr efengyl yn dra mynych; eithr fel amrai eraill, dygwyddodd iddo dynu gwg a digofaint y goruchwylwyr, nes yr amddifadir ef o waith pa le bynag y troa ei wyneb, a hyn oll o herwydd ei fod yn amddiffyn yr hyn a ystyriai ef ac eraill yn gyfiawnder. Yn mblith y dosbarth gweithiol anfynech y ceir ei efelydd. Medda amgyffredion dyrnddwys, doniau llithrig, ac hyawdledd goruchel; a thra yn mabwysiadu penderfyniad diysgog a gwirionedd yn darian iddo, anhawdd yw cael neb i'w wrthsefyll. Er cynyg iddo swyddi cysurus ac enillfawr am geisio gwyrddroi ei gydweithwyr, nen adael eu hachos yn llonydd, gwrthododd y cwbl gyda dirmyg, nes myned yn nod i saethau gwenwynig. Y canlyniad fu ei atal i weithio, a'i anfon ef a'i deulu allan o'u hanedd, i gymeryd ffurfafen y nefoedd yn do, a'r ddaear oer yn orweddfan.

Atolwg, ddarllenydd, pa bryd y gwawria yr amser pan y daw y mwyrif o'r gweithwyr yn ddidwyll i hawlio eu hiawnderau? Llauer o floeddio y sydd am ryddid yn America, yn ogystal a pharthau eraill o'r byd, pan y sefydlir undeb i du-ebu yn erbyn gormes a thrais. Rhy fynych y gosodir gor-

majority of workmen will join, in the absence of falsehood, to claim their rights? There existeth a continual cry for freedom throughout America, as well as other parts of the globe, but when there is an union established that tends to demolish the bonds of slavery, often there will be too much confidence placed in traitors and demagogues who, like Esau of old, will sell their birthright for a very small trifle.

Since the majority of the population of all civilized countries is composed of the working classes, I cannot perceive that there should be any obstacle in the way of workmen to procure their rights under such a free government as America. Our small space will not permit a criticism on capital and labor, the duty of workmen, etc , and, in fact, enough has been said through other mediums. All that is required is a co-operation in union ; keep falsehood, treachery, and avarice aloof. This vast country is inhabited by representatives of almost all nations of the world, and they themselves, or their ancestors have been monopolised by tyrants of other governments ; they have fled here for refuge and in search of freedom, but alas ! they have turned tyrants themselves.

Should a *man* rise amongst them that deserves that blessed *name*, hatred will be nursed toward him, lies spread concerning him, and all the power of malice and vengeance will be brought forward to overwhelm him. Instead of gratifying his integrity, they will stain his character with the basest language they are able to pronounce. Instead of tendering a charitable hand in case of necessity, they will deprive him of all accommodation, and *despise* sooner than *greet* him with sympathy and love. But still the author of this work manifests brother-

mod o ymddiried mewn rhyw gorachod llesg a llwfr, pa rai mal Esau gynt, a werthant eu genedigaeth-fraint am ychydig. Gan mai gweithwyr a gytansoddant y mwyrif o drigolion pob gwlad, o dan lywodraeth mor rhydd ag America methwyf a chanfod un rhwystr ar eu ffordd i fwynhau eu hiawnderau. Pallai ein gofod yn yr erthygl fechan hon i fanylu ar gyfalaf a llafur, dyledswydd y gweithwyr, &c., ac, o ran hyny, y mae digon wedi ei ddweyd drwy gyfryngau draill. Yr unig bethau sydd yn eisiau ydynt undeb a chydweithrediad, a chadw hoced, brad a thwyll allan o'n plith. Poblogir y wlad eang hon gan ddyinion agos o bob llwyth, iaith, pobl a chenedl, a buont hwy neu eu tadau yn ddarostyngedig i iau gormesol llywodraethau creulon eraill, wedi ffoi yma i geisio rhydid, wele y maent yn troi yn ormeswyr eu hunain ! Os cyfyd *dyn* yn eu plith fyddo yn deilwng o'r cymeriad hwnw, meithrinir adgasrwydd tuag ato, taenir celwyddau am dano, a defnyddir brad a thwyll i'w ddisodli. Yn lle gwobrwo ei deilyngdod llychwynir ei gymeriad yn y modd hagraf ; yn lle roddi llaw o gymhorth yn ngwyneb angenoetyd ac adfyd, gadawant ef yn amddifad o bob cynorthwy, a bydd yn hytrach yn destyn gwawd nac yn wrthrych o dosturi. Ar y cyfan, hawlia awdwr y gyfrol hon gyfeillgarwch mynwesol yn mhersonau lluaws o'i gydweithwyr, yn gystal a boneddigion rhyddfrydig eraill ; ac yn y cyfwng presenol, ni fedd yn amgen na chyfeirio at y cyhoedd, gan hyderu y bydd iddynt hyrwyddo cylchrediad y llyfryn bychan hwn, er ei alluogi i gyrhaedd uwch safon mewn dysg a dawn.

Canfyddir yn rhediad y gwaith hwn ei fod wedi ei gyfansoddi yn y Saesnaeg ; a phan ystyrir mai drwy gyfrwng yr

ly love in the bosoms of the majority of his fellow-workmen, as well as other benevolent gentlemen.

Under present circumstances he has no alternative but to apply to the public, having confidence they will speed the circulation of this small volume, so as to supply him with means to reach a higher figure in literature.

In perusing this work you will perceive that the original was composed in the English language ; and when considered that it was through the medium of said language the author has risen to his present position, he humbly requests the sympathy of the critical and learned for thus appearing before the public.

Inasmuch as our bard derives his origin from Welsh ancestry, it is prudent to mention that he is a nephew to the late Rev. Walter Davies, incumbent minister of Manaven, North Wales. The celebrated bard of Manaven was well known by the bardic name of ‘Gwallter Mechain.’ His fame as a bard and historian will flourish in the annals of history while the sun governs the day and the moon illuminates the night.

The writer hopes that the author will live, and have the advantage to reach the figure of his immortal uncle in the sphere of literature and theology, until he becomes a glory to his nation in a distant land. I feel much delighted that he possesses the faculties and resolution to breathe the atmosphere of great knowledge in future. Accordingly, should this small volume meet with a kind reception, as the first fruits of his genius, it will be the cause of animating greater exertions within him to reach the objects of his steadfast views, for he intends returning to Lewisburg College until graduated in the necessary requirements. As this is the only honest method left him to

aeg hono y cyrhaeddodd yr awdwr y gris y mae arno, hyderir y maddeuir iddo am ei anturiaeth gyhoeddus.

Yn gymmaint a'i fod yn Gymro, teilwng yw coffa ei fod yn nai i'r diweddar Barch. Walter Davies (Gwallter Mechain), periglor Manafon, G. C., enw yr hwn, fel llenor a bardd, a saif yn uchel tra haul yn llywodraethu y dydd, a lloer yn llywodraethu y nos.

Hyder yr ysgrifenydd yw y bydd iddo gyrhaedd nod ei ewythr mewn cylchoedd llenyddol a duwinyddol, nes y byddo yn anrhydedd i'w genedl mewn gwlad estronol.

Dywenydd genyf ganfod ynddo ddigon o alluoedd ac ymroddiad i gyflawni gorchestion yn y dyfodol; gan hyny, os cyfarfyddant y cynhyrchion hyn, sef blaenffrwyth ei awenydd, a derbyniad croesawus, rhydd egni ychwanegol ynddo i gyrhaedd cyfeiriad ei amcanion; oblegyd bwriada fyned yn ol i athrofa Lewisburg nes cyrhaedd y graddoliaeth angenrheidiol.

Gan mai dyma yw yr unig foddion gonest a fedda i weithredu er cynnal ei hunan a'i deulu, taer ymbilir ar y cyhoedd i dderbyn ffrwyth ei lafur mal gwron clodadwy a chadfridlog ymresymiad.

Drwy fanol bwysu ar deilyngdod, credir yn ostyngedig y bydd y llyfr yn werth yr hyn a ofynir am dano. Gresyn fyddai i ni adael doniau mor hedegog, aę athrylith mor drylwyr heb roddi manteision i'w gwrteithio. Cludwyd lluoedd i briddellau oer y dyffryn allasant fod yn ser dysgleirwch yn ffurfafen llenyddiaeth pe cefnogid hwynt yn ol eu teilyngdod :

proceed with towards the maintenance of himself and family, it is humbly requested that the public will patronize him as a defeated but confidential hero and champion of reason.

In valuing the merits of this small production it is sincerely believed that it is well worth the fixed price. I should deem it unfair to leave such a gem of knowledge as the author is void of support to cultivate his true genius. Many have been laid in the gloomy regions of the grave who may have figured as bright stars in the firmament of literature, providing they had the support they deserved; whilst others that received the philanthropy of mankind, deserted the paths of duty, and deceiving their friends, sank their talents in the sea of oblivion. If a man is proved willing and steadfast in *some* things, it is easier to place confidence in him pertaining to *other* matters; therefore concerning the author, since his solidity has been proved, even in the face of tempting offerings, we have reason to believe that he will serve the public in the same manner, so that his name will be recorded on the pages of virtue as long as

“Moon and stars beguile the night,
And sun sends forth its beams of light”

Inasmuch as neither the author nor translator claim perfection, it is hoped that this issue be received courteously, without the absurdity of criticising its failures, but receive what is consistent with reason and virtue, with kindness.

In examining this small production the true critic will observe that the author bears more leniently on geology and natural philosophy, than to any other branch of knowledge: because when he endeavors to compose upon subjects differing

ac eraill a gefnogwyd a wyrsant oddiar lwybrau dyledswydd, gan siomi dysgwyliaidau eu cyfeillion drwy suddo eu talentau yn mor anghof. Pan y profir dyn yn ffyddlon a diysgog mewn rhai pethau, gellir ymddibyhu arno yn rhwyddach mewn pethau eraill; efelly o barthed i'r awdwr, gan ei fod wedi cael ei brofi mor ddiysgog yn ngwyneb cymhellion hudoliaethus, mae sail i gredu y gwasanaetha y cyhoedd yn ddi-dwyll, ac y bydd ei enw yn dderchafedig—

“Tra bo lleuad weladwy,
Seirian haul na ser yn hwy.”

Gan nad yw yr awdwr na'r cyfieithydd yn honi perffeithrwydd, bydded i'r cyhoedeb dderbyn hyn o waith yn garedig, heb fanylu ar ei ffaeleddau, ond derbyn yr hyn a ystyrir yn rinweddol gyda pharch.

Drwy ymchwil i'r gwaith hwn, canfyddir fod yr awdwr yn tueddu at ddwyfyddiaeth ac athroniaeth naturiol, yn hytrach na dim arall; o herwydd pan yn ymgynyng cyfansoddi ar destynau gwahanol mae megys yn ymneillduo o'i elfen, ac ni fydd ei awen yn chwaethus a meistrolgar hyd nes y dychwel yn ol i'w ffyrdd cynhenid, yr hyn a brawf nad yw y gwaith wedi ei fwriadu i gynnal mympwyon masweddol, ond yn hytrach i dywys y meddwl at foes a rhinwedd, fel na fydd achos iddo gywilyddio ei arddel yn y dyfodol.

Os cyfarfyddir ag ambell gyfansoddiad a thuedd ddifriol ynddo, sylwer mai y gwrthrych a ddarlunir, ac nid personau: a phe gwybyddit, ddarllynydd, pa faint o gamwri mae yr awdwr wedi ddyoddef gan fradwyr a phleidwyr gormes a

from those principles, he seems as divorced from his natural element, so his genius will not issue a masterly strain, until he has returned to his original equanimity; however, this work is not intended to amuse the vulgar classes, but quite the reverse; it is destined to guide the thoughtful along the paths of virtue and morality; therefore, the author should not be ashamed to acknowledge it in future. Should the reader meet with a few poems that appertain to ridicule or disdain, be it considered that it is the *subject*, is treated upon, therefore, *personality* is out of the question. But, kind readers, if you were aware of the one tenth of the contempt, misery and wrongs, which the bard has endured, through unwise policy of tyrannical powers, probably you would be astonished that his muse was not directed more personally. Nevertheless, we presume that he deserves recommendations for his prudent forbearance and manly manners, for it is seldom any good comes from that cursed passion called revenge.

Such was his zeal to benefit his fallen workmen that he used all his energies to defend them. Although he was thrown from his dwelling, as before mentioned, when neither of them dared give him refuge, fearing that themselves and families would share the same fate, under the vengeance of the cruel company; yet, Mr. Davies is far from boasting in his manly doings. Providing all miners in America acted similar to him they would soon release themselves from the slough of bondage and obtain their rights.

Now, to the Golden Miner give,
With all your hearts, a chance to live;
Do act like men, and boldly say,
He is the champion of the day.

thrais, y mae i'w ryfeddu na fuasai wedi defnyddio llwybr mwy personol.

Yn hyn oll, mae yn ddiau ei fod i'w ganmol am ei amynedd, ei ledneisrwydd, a'i foneddigeddrwydd; canys anfynych y deillia yr un daioni oddiwrth y nwyd felldigedig hono a elwir ymddial.

Yr oedd ei awydd gymmaint am lesoli ei gydweithwyr, nes y defnyddiodd ei holl allu, gorff ac enaid, i'r perwyl hwnw. Er ei ymlid o'i annedd, fel y crybwyllwyd, pan nas beiddiai neb o'i gyfeillion drugarhau wrtho, am eu bod yn ofni derbyn yr un dynged oddiwrth eu meistri; eto, pell ydyw Mr. Davies o ymfrostio yn ei weithredoedd; er hyny, tegwch tuag ato ydyw bras-grybwylliad fel hyn, fel y gellir ei farnu yn ol ei deilyngdod.

Ped ymddygent holl fwnwyr America fel efe buan y meddiannent eu hiawnderau, gan ymryddhau o gorsydd diffaith caethiwed.

Yma'n awr i'r mwnwr euraid—rhoddwch
Arwyddion bro telaid;
Deuwch a bloeddiwch o blaid
Gwir rin ei gywir enaid.

Breiniau dyn yn brin y daeth,—ond Davies
Dyfodd i'w gefnogaeth;
Er ei hól i reolaeth
A allawdd o'i nawdd a wnaeth.

Against him if a siege is laid,
 Ye miners, come and give him aid.
 So that he may defeat his foes,
 In where he is or where he goes.

The rights of man he will defend
 In truth and justice to the end :
 These are his shields,—and who will stand
 Before the force of his command ?

Upon the Susquehanna banks
 May we all join our hero's ranks,
 His moral works we will renown,
 That we may wear a virtuous crown.

He worked for us with all his might
 To reach the sphere of human right :
 At what he done, he do not spurn
 To do him kindness in return.

Receive the book with joy and pride
 That such a man with you reside :
 Show you have hearts to sympathize,
 Then one and all his glory rise.

DEWI IDLOES.



Gresyn fod cynddrwg rhusedd—i'w erbyn,
Gan oer-benau dialedd ;
Ond daw y diwyd o'r diwedd
I gywir fan os gwir a fedd.

Gwirionedd egyr anian—y gonest
I gynnal yr egwan ?
Gair ei allu :—gyr allan
Ei yni myg yn y man.

Ar lan y Susquehanna—y llafur
O'r llyfryn darllena,
A gwawr ei deg eiriau da
O'i rinwedd a'th gorona.

Ar uniawn daith cyfiawnder—cheded,
Ar edyn cyflymder ;
A doed pob gweithiwr yn der
I fwyniant dan ei faner. DEWI IDLOES.





POEMS.

A NATIONAL SONG FOR THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

Thou hero of heroes, the Sun of Columbia,
Whose rays of bright glory brought freedom to all ;
The stars of the earth with their honor and splendor,
Before thee, my Washington, forever must fall.
Thy name is the first on the pages of freedom,
Thy deeds and thy prayers my soul doth refine,
And millions on millions of wandering exiles,
With heartfelt devotion now bend at thy shrine.

Thou founder of liberty and herald of freedom,
Thy name swells with rapture within every breast,
For opening a refuge to down-trodden nations,
Where, secure from tyrants, they ever may rest.



CANEUON.

CAN GENEDLAETHOL I DAD EI WLAD.

Ti wron gwroniaid, a huan Columbia,
A ledodd ei edyn dros ryddid drwy'r byd ;
Sefyllfa y cyfryw, a'r rhwysgfawr wrhydri
O'th flaen di, ein Washington, gwypant i gyd ;
Dalenau gwir ryddid ddyrchafant dy fawredd,
Fy enaid a feithrin dy glodydd bob awr,
A miliwn ar filiwn o ddynion crwydredig
Oblygant eu gliniau i enw mor fawr.

Gwreiddiolwr ein rhyddid, a phenaeth cyfiawnder,
Dy enw ddyrchefir ar edyn gwir ddawn,
Am agor iawn nodded i amrai genedloedd
Yn erbyn gormeswyr, yn gorphwys a gawn ;

Thy fame is exalted from ocean to ocean,
Thy monument built in the hearts of the brave,
And legions of freedmen forever will bless thee,
With their tears of devotion to drop o'er thy grave.

O, there let him rest on verdant Mount Vernon,
Where oft in his boyhood he rambled around,
And breathed in the fragrance of every sweet flower,
The essence of freedom so grand and profound.
My soul is delighted to muse on thy valor,
To sing with the myriads thy honor and fame,
For no people on earth save the sons of Columbia,
Can rejoice so delightful in a Washington's name.

O, sweet be thy slumber, Columbia's first hero,
No poet on earth thy deeds can proclaim,
But still I delight in musing upon thee,
As one of thy freedmen that here will remain.
So peace to thy slumber, my Washington, forever,
Transported with joy my musing is o'er,
For in sacred esteem I ever will hold thee,
And bless with the millions thy name evermore.



Dy glodedd ymledodd o foroedd hyd foroedd,
Dirwynwyd dy fawredd mewn cadwyn o hedd,
A lluoedd gwir ryddid hyd angau a'th folant,
A dagrau tryloywon eneiniant dy fedd.

Ah ! yma gorweddi ar fynydd hen Vernon,
Lle yn dy ieuentyd a geraist mor gu ;
Aroglit ei blodau llysiuol bob enyd
Gan awel gwawl rhyddid yn ngwyddfod y llu ;
Fy awen hyfryda ar gylch dy ucheledd,
I garu dy glodydd, dy fawredd a'th fri ;
Ni fedd y ddaecaren,—chwaith meibion Columbia,
Na dyn i'w ddyrchafu yn hafal i ti.

O ! cysga yn dawel, prif wron Columbia,
Ni cheir bardd daecarol all ddatgan dy fawl ;
Ond eto hyfrydaf roi ffrwyth fy awenydd
Mal teyrnged am ryddid—tydi bia'r hawl ;
Boed hedd i'th orweddfan, ein Washington siriol,
Yn alltud llawenydd terfynaf fy nghan,
Yn santaidd drwy 'mywyd cysegraf dy enw,
A bendith miliwnau a gei heb wahan.



THE CLOSING OF THE TERM.

The term is now ended and what can we say,
Can each give account of some good every day ;
Great care and kind teaching has to us been given,
To prepare our minds for earth and for heaven.

Every morning as regular as dawn would appear.
The sound of the bell would ring in my ear ;
And in its sweet music it seemed to say,
Prepare thyself, student, for the course of the day.

O, may we all a lesson then learn,
From the meaning we get in the close of the term ;
That life it will close with its trouble and care,
And all to be happy must for it prepare.

O, sweet precious moments of life unto all,
Prepare thyself, student, for shortly the call
Will sound in thy ear like the fall of a tree,
To bring thee to a term that ever will be.

I hope that we all may be able to say,
I have discharged my duty from day unto day ;
So to welcome with joy the tocsin of death,
And yield unto Jesus divinely the breath.

DIWEDD Y FLWYDDYN.

Daeth diwedd y tymor, pa beth allwn ddweyd,
A allwn roi cyfrif am dda wedi'i wneud ?
Pob gofal a phryder a rowd gan aŋhrawon
I ddarpar meddyliau 'wynebu'r nefolion.

Bob boreu mor gyson a thoriad y wawr
Cawn adsain y gloch mor dirion i'n dawr ;
Ac yn ei sain felus sibrydai yn rhydd,
Prysurai i fyfyr gweithredion y dydd.

O ! boed ini oll fyfyrion yn ddwys
Yn nherfyn y tymor ar bethau o bwys ,
Terfyna taith bywyd cyn hir yr un wedd,
Ond ceisiwn dangnefedd y tu draw i'r bedd.

Pob eiliad o fywyd sydd werthfawr i ni,
Darpara fyfyrion, waeth buan tydi
A elwir o fywyd, mal ewympir y pren,
A therfyn dy einioes ddirwynir i ben.

Hyderaf y gallwn ddywedyd yn rhydd,
Hyd lwybrau dyledswydd rhodiasom bob dydd ;
Croesawwn mewn gwynfyd hoff rediad y gwir,
Gan roddi i'r Iesu ein hanadl gwir.

Farewell to you all till I meet you again,
 If not on the earth, on the bright heavenly plain,
 Where angels are singing the rapturous song :
 All glory and honor to Christ doth belong.

God grant that it may our portion then be,
 To mingle our voices in heavenly glee,
 To sing with the^e ransomed and nevermore part,
 All glory to Jesus, for worthy Thou art.

Lewisburg, December 24, A. D. 1868.

LINES

Written to commemorate the rustic harp of the Buckville Blacksmith, JOHN PARKER.

Tune, tune thy rustic harp,
 That echoed with the morning lark,
 So sweet in days of yore ;
 Swell, swell that music sweet,
 My heart rejoicingly would greet
 Its melody once more.
 For there's music in thy lyre,
 And joys that doth the soul inspire,
 Spreading happiness around ;
 Where a heart of sorrow's found,
 A balm to every troubled wound
 Within the human breast.

Yn iach i chwi oll nes y cawn eto, gwrdd,
Os nad ar y ddaear, o gylch Salem fwrdd,
Lle'r eilia angylion ganiadau didaw,
Haleliwia i'r Oen fu ar Galfaria draw.

Boed felly rhyglydded ewyllys yr Ior,
Modd y cydymunwn a'r nefolaidd gor
I ganu'n dragwyddol heb ofid na chlwy'
Wir foliant i'r Iesu, heb ymadael mwy.

LLINELLAU

A gyfansod lwyd er cof am y Delyn Berdonol, cyflwynedig i MR. JOHN
PARKER.

HA! delyn fad, brenines can,
Adseiniodd efo'r hedydd glan,
I nodi'r dyddiau gynt!
Peroriaeth eto sydd
I'm lloni yn fy nydd;
A llawenydd megys cynt,
Y sydd i'w gael o hyd,
Tra byddo telyn yn y byd
I'w chael o'm hamgylch i,
Lle mae calon ffraethlon ffri
Yn enaint i anfreiniol fri,
O fewn i ddynol gnawd.

'Tis not to please the gay
That you 'upon your harp do play,
 So well from morn till night.
No, no, but like a man,
Do, do in life all that you can,
 For things to go aright.
'Tis to earn the bread of life
For your children and your wife,
Constituting joy and love,
As designed by Him above,
While you, as happy as a dove,
 Play on your rustic harp.

LINES

Respectfully dedicated to the aged and worthy Pilgrim, REV. JOHN BRECHT,
of Maple Dale.

Old age has come at last, John,
 With all its doubts and fears,
But faithful have you been, John,
 Upon this vale of tears.
Excelsior hath your motto been,
 You have been kind and true,
And done to others as you would
 That they should do to you.

Nid er mwyn dyrchafu eich bri
Byth y chwery eich telyn chwi
 Mor gerddgar ddydd a nos ;
Nage, ond megys dyn
Yn gwncuthur pethau cun,
 Fel y byddo'r oll yn glos ;
Ond i gynnal bywyd i
Eich plant gorwyeh, a'ch priod chwi,
I brofi serch a chariad mad
Ordeiniad doeth ein nefol Dad,
Cyhyd a'ch bod mewn tyner rad
 Yn chwarcu'r delyn fwyn.

LLINELLAU

Cyflwynedig i'r cywir Gristion y Parch. JOHN BEECH, Maple Dale.

O'r diwedd daeth henaint i'n cwrdd, Sion,
 Orfrithwyd gan ofnau cyn hyn ;
Ond ffyddlon y buoch i mi, Sion,
 Yn nyffryn y deigr yn llyn ;
Rhagoriaeth oedd eich prif arwyddair,
 A buoch yn onest i mi,
A gwnaethoch i eraill fel gweddai
 I eraill gyflawni i chwi.

The Banks of Susquehanna.

Now sixty years have gone, John,
Since you commenced to be
An advocate of Him, John;
Who died upon the tree.
Your calling still you do fulfill,
Though life is nearly o'er,
But soon you'll be rewarded, John,
On Canaan's tranquil shore.

For many years you've been, John,
Deprived of your sight,
And earth with all its beauty, John,
To you lath seemed as night.
But there upon the plains of light
You'll see forevermore,
And with the bright angelic throng,
The triune God adore.

There is a starry crown, John,
Awaiting for you now ;
Also that sacred name, John,
Will be upon your brow,
A golden harp for you to play
The anthem, as you sing
All praise and honor unto Thee,
My Saviour, God and King.

Heibio'r aeth chwe' deg o flwyddi, Sion,
Oddiar ein hymlyniad is nen ;
Ac ydych yn wir gynrychiolydd, Sion,
I'n Ceidwad fu farw ar bren ;
Eich galwad o hyd a gyflawnwch,
Er bod terfyn bywyd gerllaw ;
Ond buan y dcuwch i'ch breinio
Mewn nefoedd—y Ganaan a ddaw.

Dros flwyddi maith buoch yn wir, Sion,
Heb weled dim—ond yn wir ddall ;
Y ddaear, er hardded ei golwg, Sion,
I chwi mae megys yn fall ;
Ond eto ar ororau gwawl, Sion,
Mae'n ddiau y gwelwch chwi byth
Yn mhlith yr holl seintiau angylaidd,
O fewn tragwyddoldeb dyllyth.

Cewch feddu y goron serenog, Sion,
Un nefol, orfreiniol o fri ;
A'i henw yn wir gysegredig, Sion,
Mae hono yn aros i chwi ;
A thelyn aur hefyd i chwareu, Sion,
Yr anthem a bery dros byth,
Yn fawl i Dduw, Ceidwad pechadur,
Eich mangre oes-oesol a'ch nyth.

The Banks of Susquehanna.

A few more storms, and then, John,
 These joys they soon will be
 Bestowed upon you there, John,
 With honor, love and glee.
 Mankind cannot conceive, John,
 What joys will fill your soul ;
 But there you'll ever happy be,
 While countless ages roll.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MARCH TO THE CITY OF LIGHT.

Dedicated to JOHN D. LEWIS, Plymouth.

Fear not, poor careworn Christian,
 Though clouds obscure thy way,
 Thou art marching to a city
 Where dwells eternal day ;
 Thy sorrows soon will finish,
 Wait but a few days more,
 The veil will then be lifted
 For thee to see the shore.

Chorus—We are marching day and night,
 We are marching day and night,
 We are marching, we are marching,
 To a pure city of light.

'Nol goddef ychydig dymhestloedd, Sion,
Mwynhad o'r gobeithion a ddaw,
Yn daliad am gywir ffyddlondeb, Sion,
Anrhydedd a chariad didraw ;
Dynoliaeth ni fedra arwyddo, Sion,
Hyfrydwch yr enaid a'i fri,
Yn mhlith y seraffiaid angylauidd
Dedwyddwch sy'n aros i chwi.

TAITH Y CRISTION I DDINAS Y GOLEUNI.

Cyflwynedig i JOHN D. LEWIS, Plymouth.

Nac ofna, hynaws Gristion,
Drwy gymyl mae dy daith
I ddinas y goleuni,
Lle'r erys nefol iaith ;
Dy flin ofidiau dderfydd,
Ond aros maes o law,
Cei fyn'd mewn nefol gerbyd,
Yn iach i'r ochr draw.

Byrdeu—Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos,
Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos,
Ymdeithiwn, gorymdeithiwn,
Nes myn'd i'r ddinas dlos.

Look forward, weary pilgrim,
 Let not the tempter stay
 Thy Christian, sacred progress.
 Towards the land of day.
 For soon thy adversary
 Will never mar thy peace,
 If faithful to thy Saviour,
 Thou run the heavenly race.

Cho.—We are marching, &c.

When out upon life's billows
 Thy little bark doth roll,
 And howling tempests threaten
 To sink thy humble soul,
 Then call upon the Saviour,
 To bid the storm be still,
 And let thy faith be steadfast
 On His almighty will.

Cho.—We are marching, &c.

O, faint not, timid mortal,
 When waves of trouble meet,
 But kneel in sacred homage
 Beside thy Saviour's feet.
 He then will be thy pilot,
 And stand beside the oar,
 To guide thee to the harbor
 Of heaven's celestial shore.

Cho.—We are marching, &c.

Ha ! tremia yn mlaen bererin,
Na ad i stormydd erch
I rwystro'th daith fendigaid,
Hyd diroedd glan dy serch ;
Waith toc dy wrthwynebwr
Orchfygir gan dy ffydd ;
Cei weled dy Waredwr
O fewn trag'wyddol ddydd.
Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos, &c.

Wrth rwyfo cefnfor bywyd
A'th fychan gwch mewn byd,
A'r tonau erch yn bygwth
Dy enaid ar bob pryd ,
Bryd hyn dyrchafa weddi
At orsedd lan y nef,
A Duw o'i wir dosturi
A wrendy ar dy lef.
Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos, &c.

Nac ofna fod daearol,
Yn ymchwydd tonau fyrdd,
I lawr o flaen yr orsedd
Cyfeiria di dy ffyrdd ;
Efe o'i fawr drugaredd
A'th geidw o hyd i'r lan ;
Drwy'i nawdd cyrhaeddi'r hafan
Ddymunol yn y man.
Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos, &c.

Behold poor, tired pilgrim,
 Thy Saviour's lovely form,
 His arms are now extended
 To help thee through the storm.
 O, hark! He now is calling,
 His gentle voice I hear,
 I need not be discouraged
 While such a friend is near.

Cho.—We are marching, &c.

Ah! welcome, deadly stranger,
 I will not fear thy sting,
 But in my latest moments,
 To my Redeemer cling.
 As Jesus is my pilot,
 I know that all is right;
 And want to be along with Him
 In yonder land of light.

Cho.—We are marching, &c.

Then farewell, care and sorrow.
 I'm going now to stay
 With my redeeming kinsman
 Who helped me on the way;
 There ever to be with Him,
 Upon the sunlit shore,
 And with the countless angels,
 His sacred name adore.

Cho.—We are marching, &c.

Canfydda, flin gredadyn,
Wir lun dy Geidwad mawr,
Ei freichiau sy'n ymledu
T'rh gynorthwyo 'nawr ;
Ha ! gwrando, mae yn galw,
Mor fwynded yw ei lais ;
Nid oes it' achos ofni
Un gormes, twyll na thrais.
Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos, &c.

Ha ! deuwch ddeiliaid marw,
Nid ofnaf mwy eich trath :
Ond yn dy awr ddiweddaf
Mi heriaf bawb o'ch bath ;
Yr Iesu yw fy nharian,
Mi wn ei fod yn iawn ;
Hiraethaf am gael myned
I dir llawenydd llawn.
Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos, &c.

Yn iach i chwi ofalon
A gofid, wyf yn myn'd
Drwy gymhorth ffydd a gobraith
I gwrdd a'm anwyl F'frynd ;
Hyd derfyn trag'wyddoldeb
Mi ganaf iddo ef,
Rhwyng dirif lan angylion,
O fewn terfynau'r nef.
Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos, &c.

O, land of sacred music,
 Where pure bliss doth dwell,
 And legions of bright angels
 Their sweet Hosannahs swell.
 All glory to my Saviour,
 For standing by my side,
 The storms are over,
 I've waded through the tide.
 Cho.—We are marching, &c.

**LLEWELLYN'S GRAVE, THE LAST PRINCE
 OF WALES.**

Stranger, tread gently o'er that grave,
 Though barren and bleak it appear,
 There slumbers the hero of Gwalia,
 That e'er was a stranger to fear.
 'Tis the grave of the noble Llewellyn,
 The patriot loyal that bled
 Defending the freedom of Cambria,
 He blessings of liberty spread.

No monument stands to remember
 The place where Llewellyn did fall,
 But still in the hearts of his people,
 His name is the dearest of all.

Ha ! gerddol wlad santeiddiol,
Tir y puredig chwaeath ;
Tir engyl, tir ancirif,
A'u melus odlau maith ;
Yn llawn o dan gorfoledd,
Pur fwyniant nefol fri,
I seinio yn oes oesoedd
Rinweddau'r Un yn Dri.
Ymdeithiwn ddydd a nos, &c,

BEDD LLEWELYN, EIN LLYW OLAF.

Ymdeithydd arafa ! ar dir cysegredig
Y sengi, er nad oes un addurn i'r fan ;
Ond eto mae marmor golofnau i'w gweled
Lle nad oes gweddillion hefelydd i'w rhan ;
Gwel fangre lle gorwedd ein hanwyl Llewelyn,
Prif wron Brythoniaid, i'w harwain i'r gad,
Ond yma y gorwedd yn aberth bythgofus
Dros ryddid a defion hen Gymru ein gwlad.

Er nad oes cofadael i ddangos lle cwmpodd,
Bytholwyd ei enw ar edyn gwir ddawn ;
Adgofion o'i fawredd, a'i ddirfawr wrhydri,
Mal penaeth meis Gwalia yn gyson a gawn ;

O, sweet be thy slumber, Llewellyn,
 Thy deeds are as bright as of yore,
 And thy name still lives in the lyre
 That belongs to thy dear native shore.

Stranger, tread gently o'er that grave,
 For Llewellyn was chief of the brave,
 And fell for his country and people,
 When fighting, their freedom to save.
 So there let him sleep by the river,
 Where the warblers are chanting their lay,
 On the dear native soil of his fathers,
 Till the dawn of endless day.

MY NATIVE LAND.

To thee, my native Cambria,
 I muse my humble lay,
 Though far from thee I've wandered,
 And years have rolled away
 Since in thy groves I rambled,
 In boyhood's happy days,
 Not thinking that no sorrow
 Would ever cross my ways.

Chorus—My Cambrian home, the Eden of the free,
 Thy tranquil vales and sunny dales
 Are ever dear to me.

O! cysga yn dawel, prif arwr cyfiawnder,
Dyrchafwyd dy glodydd drwy'r oesoedd a fu,
Ac eto mal ffyddlon arwron y'th berchir,
A phenaeth gwladgarol, prif flaenor y llu.

Bydd dawel ymdeithydd, a gad iddo humo
Yn argel tawelwch,—anwylyd ein hawl ;
Pan gwympodd fe gwympodd yn deyrnben a noddwr,
Mor hawdd gan hil Gomer yw datgan ei fawl ;
Tyngedaf y Cymry i barchu ei feddrod,
Y man y gorwedda, ar lenydd yr Wy,
Hydd floedd yr archangel a'r udgorn diweddaf,
A phan yr adgyfyd, ni chyfyd ei fwy.

GWLAD FY NGHENEDIGAETH.

I ti, naturiol Gymru,
Cyflwynaf hyn o gan,
Er bod yn mhell o'th lenydd,
Nid oes i mi mor lan,
Er pan yn rhodio'th ddolydd,
O fewn i'r amser gynt,
Heb feddwl deuai gofid
I'm croesi ar fy hynt.
Byrdon—Fy Ngwalia hoff, lle rhyddid buost ti,
Dy feusydd gwyrdd, dy ddyl a'th ffyrdd,
Ynt anwyl genyf fi.

Thou land of bards and heroes,
 The music of thy lyre
 Doth kindle in my bosom,
 A patriotic fire,
 In memory of the valiant
 That bled there to save ;
 O, wake again sweet lyre,
 Beside Llewellyn's grave.

Cho.—My Cambrian home, &c.

The ode of brave Caradog
 Before the Roman king,
 Excites with admiration
 Historians ere to bring ;
 And tell in fame or story,
 If braver men could be,
 Than stained the rocks of Cambria
 With gore, from sea to sea.

Cho.—My Cambrian home, &c.

Awake, ye sons of Gomer,
 Your joyous lay expand,
 In memory of old Cambria,
 The Cymry's native land ;
 And tune again that lyre
 Which vibrated sweet of yore,
 And wave the flag of freedom
 Upon my native shore.

Cho.—My Cambrian home, &c.

Ti wlad y beirdd a'r doethion,
Dy gerddi grea swyn,
Nes enyn yn fy mynwes
Wladgarwch er dy fwyn ;
Wrth gofio gwaed gwroniaid
Dywalltwyd ynot ti,
I gadw'i braint a'i rhyddid
Aiff arswyd trwyof fi.
Fy Ngwalia hoff, &c.

Mae araeth hen Garadog,
Yn ngwyddfod Claudius fawr,
'N addurno cylch gwroldeb,
Nes synu dynion llawr.
Cyhoeddir clod y Cymry,
Mal dynol, gwrol gor,
Fu'n lliwio tiroedd Gwalia
A gwaed o for i for.
Fy Ngwalia hoff, &c.

Dihunwch, feibion Gwalia,
I blethu cywir gerdd,
Er cof am anwyl Gymru
Fu'n " gwisgo mantell werdd ;"
A tantiwch eto'r delyn,
Ein prif offeryn fad,
A chwifiwch faner rhyddid
Dros fryniau hoff eich gwlad.
Fy Ngwalia hoff, &c.



DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Some people they often poor Adam do blame,
 And say he has brought them to sin and to shame ;
 But if the truth could be known I think it would say,
 There are thousands worse than Adam to-day.

Chorus—O, do not complain, O, do not complain,
 For I am sure it cannot bring to you gain.

'Tis true that we all our troubles do meet,
 But always stand up, don't go under feet ;
 For once you are down 'twill be hard to arise,
 Such people the world doth ever despise.
Cho.—O, do not complain, &c.

There are but two ways that to all do belong,
 The one is the right and the other the wrong.
 But try to do right then all will be well,
 And your bosom with happiness ever will swell.
Cho.—O, do not complain, &c.



A ALLWCH GWNEWCH.

At Adda yn Eden digofaint fedd rhai,
Ac iddo tadogant bob drygedd a bai;
Pe cawn ffordd fy hunan mynegwn yn ffraeth,
Fod miloedd o ddeiliaid hen Adda yn waeth.

Byrdcen—Ond ni chwmpaf fi, &c.
Ac hefyd mi wn nad yw'n elw i chwi.

Gwir yw ein bod oll mewn gofid heb wa'd,
Ond wastad yn sefyll heb fyned dan dra'd;
Anhawdd yw cyfodi os unwaith ar lawr,
Drwy'r byd y fath ddynion ddirmygir yn fawr.
Ond ni chwmpaf fi, &c.

Nid oes ond dwy ffordd yn perthyn in' oll,
Un ydyw'r ffordd iawn, ac arall y goll;
Dilynwch yr iawn, a liwyddwch yn wych,
Chwi gewch wir ddedwyddwch drwy rinwedd dinych.
Ond ni chwmpaf fi, &c

O, ever keep humble and do what you can,
 To help on in life your poor fellow man ;
 Remember there's one your motives can see,
 Then despise not a man though poor he may be
 Cho.—O, do what you can, O, do what you can,
 To help on in life your dear fellow man.

The Creator designed that man he should be,
 The recipient of freedom on land and at sea ;
 Then why should you think him inferior at all,
 When the same is the Maker and Father of all?
 Cho.—O, do what you can, &c.'

Though some they are white and others are black,
 The soul is the same, I'm certain of that ;
 And the black and the white, the bond and the free.
 All want to go where no difference will be.
 Cho.—O, do what you can, &c.

Then ever be kind to your poor fellow man,
 And help him along as well as you can ;
 Don't notice his color or language at all,
 For a man is a man the same as us all.
 Cho.—O, do what you can, O do what you can,
 To help on in life your poor fellow man.

Mewn gwir ostyngaidrwydd a allwch chwi gwnewch,
I gymhorth eich cyd-ddyn—cydnabod a gewch ;
A chofiwch fod un yn gwylied eich gwaith,
Waith hyn na ddirmygwch y tlodion a'r llaith.

Byrdwn—A allwch O gwnewch, &c.

Y tlawd cynorthwywch, a chlodydd a gewch.

Y Crewr ordeiniodd beth oedd tlyn i fod,
Dros diroedd a moroedd drwy rhyddid cai glod ;
Paham y meddylwch fod ynndi'r un coll,
Can's Un yw'r Gwncuthurwr, a Thad ini oll.

A allwch O gwnewch, &c.

Os oes rhai yn dduon, ac eraill yn wyn,
Cyffelyb yw'r enaid, peth amlwg yw hyn ;
Y gwynion, y duon, y eaethion a'r rhydd
Ynt oll am gael myned i'r nefoedd rhyw ddydd.

A allwch O gwnewch, &c.

Arferwch diriondeb at gyd-ddyn tylawd,
Gan wastad ei gyfarch fel cyfaill a brawd ;
Heb ddewis cencdloedd, na lliwiau, nac iaith,
Mae pob dyn yn ddyn fel ni ar ei daith.

A allwch O gwnewch, &c.

Y tlawd cynorthwywch, a chlodydd a gewch.

THE MINER'S DREAM—East Mahanoy

EVAN JENKINS, the one on whom I have written this poem, was the son of David and Elizabeth Jenkins, of Mahanoy City, and worked with me at the time he met with his death.

The solar orb had sunk away
Down in the gilded west,
When on his bed the miner lay,
From care and toil to rest.
He sweetly slumbered hours away,
Within his father's cot,
And all the dangers of the mines
His weary soul forgot.

The miner slept in calm repose
The hours of night away,
When in his mind a vision came
Just at the dawn of day.
The meaning of the vision was,
He heard the falling pier
Within his chamber sounding loud,
Which caused his heart to fear.

That morning when the miner rose,
His countenance was sad,
And from the tenor of his voice,
His feelings they were bad.

BREUDDWYD Y MWNWR---East Mahanoy.

EVAN JENKINS, yr hwn y cyfansoddwyd y llinellau hyn, oedd fab i David ac Elizabeth Jenkins, o Mahanoy City, ac yr oedd yn gweithiof gyda ni pan gyfarfu a'i angau.

Yr huan a ymguddiai draw,
Yn y gorllewin pell :
Pan ar ei wely—mwnwr cu
Orweddai yn ei gell ;
Ha ! felus hun, 'nol llafur blin,
Yn mwth ei riaint gwan ;
Peryglon blin y *Lofa* erch
Angofiai yn y fan.

Y mwnwr gysgai 'n esmwyth iawn
Holl oriau'r nos i ffwrdd,
Ar doriad gwawr rhyw arswyd syn
A dychryn ddaeth i'w gwrdd—
Meddyliai 'nawr y clywai gwymp
O'r nenfwd yn y man
Y gwethiai ef—a'i dwrw certh
Ddychrynai 'i feddwl gwan.

Pan godai'r mwnwr, prudd der dwys
Ganfyddid yn ei hynt ;
A'i lais a brofai'n glir nad oedd
Ei deimlad megys cynt ;

The Banks of Susquehanna.

But to the mines the toiler went,
As he had done before ;
But O, it was his latest morn
Upon this earthly shore.

When the brave toiler was at work
A mining out the coal,
Down came the rugged pier upon
The faithful, humble soul.
And there the miner lifeless lay,
Beneath the dreary pier,
Without a chance to bid farewell
To those he held so dear.

O, how lamenting was the scene,
To see the miner lay
Beneath the cold and gloomy earth,
Far from the light of day.
Ah! young, aspiring, gentle soul,
How transient was thy stay,
In manhood's starry day of life,
To part from earth away.

No more will visions e'er disturb
The miner's sleep again,
He calmly waits the coming morn,
Free from all grief and pain.

Ond myned wnaeth y boreu hwn
Mal arfer at ei waith ;
Ond ow ! 'r diweddaf foreu fu
Yn ei ddacarol daith.

Pan wrth ei waith yn ddiwyd iawn,
A glew yn tori' glo,
I lawr y daeth yr erchyll gwymp,
Gan wirio'i freuddwyd, do !
Ac yno, dan y pwysau trwm
Yn gelain marw bu !
Heb allu canu'n iach i'r sawl
A garai ef mor gu !

Ow, olwg erch ! y mwnwr draw,
Heb allu dod yn rhydd,
O fewn i'r tanddacarol fyd,
Yn mhell o oleu dydd ;
Yr enaid ieuanc garem oll,
Mor fuan aethost ti,
Pan yn sereni dynol nwyf
Ymadael wnest a ni.

Breuddwydion mwyach ni chyffro'nt
Y mwnwr heinyf hoen ;
Dysgwylia am y boreu ddaw.
Heb ofal byd na'i boen ;

The Banks of Susquehanna.

His name will never be forgot
 By friends and kindred dear,
 For on both friend and kindred cheeks
 I've seen the falling tear.

Adieu, my faithful Evan dear,
 Thy name I'll ever love,
 And when this heart shall cease to beat,
 I hope we'll meet above.
 There nothing ever will disturb
 Our joy and peace again,
 But free from danger, care and toil,
 In bliss eternal reign.

THY GENTLE VOICE, MY MOTHER DEAR.

Thy gentle voice, my mother dear,
 Doth often fall upon my ear,
 And this poor, weary form doth cheer,
 Though far from Tydvil's Well.
 As evening shades around me fall,
 The scenes of youth I oft recall,
 When playing by the garden wall
 Of the cot by Tydvil's Well.

Ei enw nid anghofir byth
Gan geraint prudd eu bron,
Waith dros eu gruddiau gwelais i
Yn llifo ddaugrau heilltion.

Yn iach, fy Ifan, ffyddlon un,
Dy enw garaf fi:
Hyderwyf y cawn eto gwrdd
Mewn nefol freiniol fri,
Lle na ddaw dim i rwystro'th hedd,
Nac ein llawenydd chwaith,
Yn mlith 'tiseddion teyrnas Crist
I dragwyddoldeb maith.

DY LAIS HYFRYDOL, ANWYL FAM.

Eich llais hyfrydol, anwyl fam,
Ogleisia'm clyw i ddwyfol lam;
A'm corff ni theimla unrhyw nam,
Er yn mhell o Ffynon Tydfil;
Cysgodion hwyr o'm hamgylch dardd,
Adgofion mebyd lanwa'r bardd,
Pan y chwarenai wrth gae'r ardd,
Gerllaw i Ferthyr Tydfil.

Thy gentle voice, my mother dear,
A cordial is to doubt and fear,
And heavenly music to my ear,
 Though far from Tydvil's Well.
Methinks I hear you saying, come,
But to your boyhood's happy home,
And ne'er again from me to roam,
 From the cot by Tydvil's Well.

O, can it be delusion's voice
That bids this wandering heart rejoice,
And offers back my sacred choice,
 That cot by Tydvil's Well?
Ah, 'tis but imagination's power,
That calls to mind the parting hour,
When down her cheeks the tears did pour,
 As I left old Tydvil's Well.

Though ne'er that cottage I may see,
'Twill ever dear to memory be,
And yield a thousand charms to me,
 While on this earth I dwell.
O, tranquil clime of rural mirth,
Dear cot wherein I had my birth,
I'll love thee while I'm on this earth,
 My native Tydvil's Well.

Eich anwyl lais, fy mam, a'ch bri,
Ymlidiai 'm holl ofalon i ;
Peroriaeth nefol oedd i mi,
 Gerllaw i Ffynon Tydfil ;
Dych'mygaf glywed traidd eich llef
Yn galw arnaf mewn iaith gref,
Am im' ddychwelyd tua thref,
 A byw wrth Ffynon Tydfil.

Ha ! gall ef fod y treiddiawl lais
A gadwai'm meddwl rhag bob clais
Sy'n cynyg im' heb unrhyw drais,
 I ddod at Ffynon Tydfil ;
Na, ffug-ddychymyg ydyw am
Fy mod mor gu yn caru 'mam,
A chofio'i galar gwir dinam
 O fewn i Ferthyr Tydfil.

Pe wrth y bwthyn gallwn fod,
Fy nghalar fyddai imi'n nod,
Er y dymunwn beunydd glod
 I'm hanwyl Ffynon Tydfil ;
Mae'r bronau roddes i mi faeth
Yn gorwedd yn y ceufedd caeth,
Byth erys cof o'r hyn a wnaeth
 I mi wrth Ffynon Tydfil.

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, the star of all nations,
The land where the Doric's could see
The brave scattered sons of all countries,
Maintaining their freedom with glee.
Thy fame is the pride and the glory
Of the millions that people thy shore,
And the eagle, thy emblem of freedom,
To fly o'er thy soil evermore.

Dear land of my Washington, ever
The deeds of thy heroes doth shine.
And thy liberty, the theme of all nations
That echoes throughout every clime.
Thy banner shall ever be hoisted
With heroism, honor and love,
While songs of sweet adoration
Shall ascend to our Ruler above.

Columbia, thy fame is Excelsior,
Thy glory the heroes of yore,
That fought for the Goddess of freedom
So valiant at sea and on shore ;
All nations in homage shall love thee,
While millions their freedom will sing,
And the hearts of thy patriots forever
To the Star Spangled Banner will cling.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA—wyt seren cenedloedd
Ganfyddai'r Doriciaid cyn hyn ;
Eneidiau cywirfarn pob gwledydd
Goledant dy rhyddid yn llyn,
Mae'r eryr yn arlun o'th fawredd
Byth mwyach i gymhell y gwir;
Dy glod ydyw balchder a mwyniant
Miliwnau boblogant dy dir !

Tir bendith ! Ha ! Washington enwog,
Lewyrchu gweithredoedd dy nawdd ;
I rhyddid o begwm i begwm
Calonau gormesol a dawdd ;
Dy faner yn fythol ddyrchefir,
Gwroldeb a godwn ei mawl ;
Caniadau y beidd a'th fawrygant
Nes esgyn gororau y gwawl.

Columbia, yr wyt yn ragori,
Dy falchder yw'r aerwyr fu'n hir
Yn ymladd dros dduwies hoff rhyddid
Mor wrol ar for ac ar dir ;
Cenedloedd a dalant warogaeth ;
Miliwnau am rhyddid a gan,
Calonau gwladgarwyr a lynant
Wrth faner eu gwlad heb wahan.

May thy name ever live, O Columbia,
 And thy laws and thy liberties dwell
 In the hearts of thy brave, loyal people,
 Forever triumphant to swell.
 May the peace of the God of thy freedom
 Ever rest on thy sea and thy shore,
 Till the trump of the angel is sounding,
 That time it shall never be more.

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of HANNAH THOMAS, who departed this life February 25, A. D. 1874.

Farewell, faithful wife and affectionate mother,
 Thy place is now vacant in the circle at home,
 And mute is the voice that sounded so sweetly,
 While silent in death thou art slumbering alone.

No more will thy form, O kind, loving parent,
 Alleviate home when in sorrow and care,
 In vain will it be to call thee, dear mother, [share.
 Who the comforts of home with her children did

Her heart ever throbb'd with love and compassion,
 To irradiate home with the comforts of life ;
 And sacred the love she had for her husband,
 That is left to lament for so virtuous a wife.

Byw byth y bo'th enw, Columbia ;
A'th ddeddfau o hyd fo'n parhau ;
Calonau dy ddeiliaid rhinweddol
Fo'n ffyddlon hyd byth i'th fawrhau ;
Boed gwenau y Nef ar dy rhyddid,
Yn gorphwys ar dir ac ar for,
Nes bloeddio o'r udgorn diweddaf
Fod terfyn ar amser gan Ior.

PENNILLION COFFADWRIAETHOL

Ain y diweddar Mrs, HANNAU THOMAS, Shamokin, Pa. Bu farw yn mis Chwefror
1870.

Yn iach, ffyddlon wraig, a mam anwyl dyner,
Yn wag mae yr anedd lle trigem mewn hedd ;
Dystawodd y llais a seiniai mor anwyl,
Ust, hunaiſt yn angau, wyt mewn nefol hedd.

Mwy ni fydd dy wedd, y rhian a garem,
Dawelu dy artref dan bryder a phoen ;
Can's ofer fydd galw ar mam megys arfer,
Fu'n gwylied ein camrau mewn hyder a hoen.

Ei chalon a lanwai o gynnes dosturi
At dlawd ac angenus pan gyrchent ei man,

Her soul it was full of benevolent passion,
 To all that misfortune would drive to her door,
 Her table was free to the wandering stranger,
 And her hand ever open with a dime for the poor.

O, cruel death, how could you deprive us
 Of so faithful a neighbor, so loyal a friend?
 Her aid it was ready in time of affliction,
 And to all that need borrow she quickly would lend.

Adieu to thee, Hannah, and sweet be thy slumber,
 God grant that thy kindred may meet thee again,
 On the plains of delight with the sacred in glory,
 To celebrate Jesus in a purer strain.

MAHANOV CITY, March 9, A. D. 1870.

IN MEMORIAM.

This poem was written in memory of the dying moments of JAMES HUGHES, of Clarksburg, Luzerne County, upon the testimony of his dying words, "In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust."

The orb of day its course had run,
 And tired nature sank to rest,
 When on his dying bed he lay,
 One of the noble and the blest.

With gentle voice he bade them come,
 The objects of his soul's delight,
 And listen to his dying lay,
 Before he took his heavenly flight.

Y bwrdd a arlwyai i'r dyeithr crwydredig,
A'i llaw yn haclionus er cynnal y gwan.

O angau, pa fodd y dygaist ti ymaith
Gym'doges mor hawddgar a siriol a hi?
Ei chymhorth oedd barod mewn angen a thlodi,
A'i llaw hael bob amser yn gweini i ni.

Yn iach i ti, Hannah, mewn heddwch gorweddi,
Os boddlawn Jehofah cwrdd eto a gawn,
Yn mangre hyfrydwch, ar diroedd goleuni,
'Gael moli ein Iesu yn burach ein dawn.

MARWNAD

Pr diweiliar Mr. JAMES HERBERT, Carbondale, swydd Luzerne, Pa.

Aeth brenin dydd a'i dro ar gylch,
Gorphwysa natur eto dro,
Pan ar glaf-wely gwelid un,
A bendigedig ydoedd o.

A llais arafaidd galwai'r sawl
A garai megys ef ei hun;
O gylch ei wely pan yn mron
A myn'd a'u gadael hwy bob un.

The Banks of Susquehanna.

My solace dove, my children dear,
My latest prayer it is for you,
That I may meet you in that clime
Where kindred never bade adieu.

May Christ that now my Shepherd is,
E'er guide you safe through every storm,
And be your father and your friend,
When you no more shall see my form.

My wife and children ever dear,
The objects of my sacred love,
I now commend you to the care
Of Him who intercedes above.

I hope to meet you, kindred dear,
Among the bannered host above,
Where parted souls will re-unite
In bonds of sweet, eternal love.

With radiant hope his features beamed,
As calm he laid his form to rest ;
The Christian hero then reclined
His head upon the Saviour's breast.

A humble soul could hardly dwell
Within a tenement of clay,
For at early morn and sable night,
He breathed with joy his sacred lay.

Fy anwyl wraig, a'm plant 'run wedd,
Fy nheimlad olaf sydd i chwi,
Cyn y caf fyn'd i'r hyfryd wlad
Nad oes ymadael ynddi hi.

O boed i Grist, fy mugail mwyn,
Eich arwain chwi trwy bob rhyw groes,
A bod yn Dad a Chyfaill gwir
Pan na bwyf fi i laesu'ch loes.

Fy ngwraig a'm plant erioed i'm bryd
Gwrthrychau teilwng fuoch chwi;
Gorch'mynaf oll i ofal Ior,
Modd y cewch nefol freiniol fri.

Hyderwyf y cawn eto gwrdd
Yn mhlith y llu banerog fry,
Lle unir rhai fu ar wahan
Yn rhwymyn bythol cariad cu.

A gwenau gobaith yn ei wedd
Yn dawel y gorphwysai ef,
Y Cristion yma rhoddai bwys
Ei enaid ar Encinniog nef.

Anhawdd i enaid addfwyn ddal
Yn ngwyneb un mor lawn o rad;
Yn foreu a hwyr ceir yn ei wedd
Rhyw gan o fawl i'w nefol Dad.

The pilgrim now in silence sleeps,
 But e'er on memory's page will live ;
 His Christian walk while here below,
 Will sweetest pleasure ever give.

May all his bright examples take,
 And live that so to die is gain ;
 O, grant, thou blest eternal One,
 That we in heaven with Thee shall reign.

TO A. N. HUMPHREYS.

UPON THE RESTORATION OF HIS HEARING.

Rejoice, my friends and kindred dear,
 For I was deaf but now can hear ;
 My friends can converse with me now,
 Without no sorrow on their brow.

Rejoice, rejoice, I hear again
 The feathered throng on yonder plain,
 A chanting forth their sweetest lay,
 To swell the glories of the day.

Melodious sounds of music sweet,
 My soul with joy the echoes greet ;
 For earth that was so strange to me,
 Now fills my heart with sacred glee.

Yn awr ys cymer dawl hun,
Mewn cof ei enaid a fydd byw,
Ei rawd fel Cristion is y nen
Hyfrydwch rydd i ddynolryw.

Pawb a ddilynant ol ei ffyrdd,
A byw fel byddo marw yn fudd,
O rhynged bodd i ti ein Tad
I'n fod yn blant tragwyddol ddydd.

I A. N. HUMPHREYS,

AR ADFERIAD EI GLYW.

Pob car a chyfaill o bob rhyw,
Cydlawenhewch, ces eto'm clyw;
Fy rhiaint hen a'm geilw'n llon,
A minau glywaf y lef hon.

Cydlawenhewch, mi glywaf draw
Y cor asgellog ar bob llaw;
Yn pyngcio eu peroriaeth rhydd
I chwyddo harddweh mawr y dydd.

Eu seiniau mwyn, eu cerddi mau,
A bar i'm enaid lawenhau,
Y byd mor ddyeithr i mi fu
A lanwai'm bron a cheinion cu.

May Brendle's name resound with joy
Within each heart in Mahanoy ;
For he my hearing did restore,
May heaven bless him evermore.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

Columbia, be glad of thy hero,
That presides o'er the land of the free,
Let Grant be engraved on the tablet
Of each heart with honor and glee.
Thy deeds are the gems of Columbia,
That sparkle by night and by day,
For victory, my chief, was thy motto,
When leading thy men to the fray.

Rejoice o'er thy patriot, Columbia,
For freedom he grants unto all,
And his heart ever beateth with valor,
When to battle the bugle doth call.
Thy fame in the south of Columbia,
All ages with pride will maintain,
And millions forever acknowledge
Their freedom thou nobly didst gain.

Hoff enw Brendle dyrched lan
Drwy Mahanoy gan gryf a gwan,
Am iddo adfer i'm fy nghlyw,
Caed fendith Nef a theyrnas Dduw.

CAD. ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Columbia, mawryga dy wron,
Llywydda dir rhyddid yn awr ;
Boed Grant yn gerfiedig ar lechau
Calonau trigolion y llawr ;
Ei weithiau ynt emau Columbia
Ddysgleiriant drwy gyrau pob gwlad,
Ein penaeth a fynai orchfygu,
Wrth arwain ei luoedd i'r gad,

Mawryga'th wladgarwr, Columbia ;
I rhyddid ni rhodda nacad.
A'i galon a leinw a gwroldeb
Pan alwa yr udgorn i'r gad,
Ei glodydd trwy ddeau Columbia,
Ymledodd mewn mawredd o hyd,
Miliwnau am byth gydnabyddant
Y rhyddld enillodd mor ddrud.

My brave, noble chieftain, I love thee,
 For the fire that burns in thy breast,
 To defend all the rights of thy people,
 And invaders to quickly arrest.
 May heaven ever bless thee, my chieftain,
 And turn all thy foes into friends,
 For the motto of all thy achievements
 To the honor of America tends.

Break forth into song, O Columbia,
 And thè victories of Grant ever sing,
 For loyal and valiant the hero,
 To the bright starry banner doth cling.
 May the God of our freedom be with thee,
 In all that thou takest in hand,
 And at life's closing term to admit thee
 To the courts of that pure, bright land.

EAST NANTICOKE, July 26, A. D. 1870.

EPITAPH

On HANNAH THOMAS, wife of John Thomas, Shamokin, Northumberland County, Pa

Here sleeps the form of Hannah Thomas,
 Who lived and loved for fifty years ;
 Her greatest object was true friendship,
 To dry the flood of human tears.

Ei wrol swyddogion a'i carant,
Tan cariad enyna ei glod,
Amddiffyn iawnderau'r trigolion,
A chloi gwrthryfelwyr dinod ;
Y Nef a fendithio ein penaeth,
Gelynyon cyfeillion y bont,
Arwyddair ei holl weithrediadau
At fawredd America ro'nt.

Tyr'd allan i ganu, Columbia,
Gorchestion ein Grant foed y gan ;
Can's oddiwrth y faner serenog
Ein gyron nid oes a'i gwahan ;
Boed Arglwydd y nef oedd i'w dywys
I'r oll a gymero mewn llaw,
Ac ar derfyn bywyd ei arwain
I wlad y gogoniant sydd draw.

BEDDARGRAFF MRS. HANNAH THOMAS.

Yma y gorwedd Hannah Thomas,
Pum deg o flwyddi carodd ni,
Gwir gyfeillgarwch a'i nodweddai,
A sychai ddagrau dreiglai'n lli'.

'Twas late in life before she ventured
To lean on the Redeemer's breast ;
But, pleading Jesus for her Saviour,
She calmly sank, in peace, to rest.

Farewell, my husband and my children,
Weep not for me, that's gone before ;
But pray that we shall meet each other
Upon the bright, angelic shore.

And you who are these verses reading,
Oh, ask' yourself, while yet you may,
If such a life as you are leading
Is fit to meet the judgment day.

O, then, if you are not a Christian,
Commence to love the Saviour's name,
That you may join the blest in heaven
To sing Immanuel's glorious theme.

Remember, life is ever flowing
Rapid, on its downward way,
And soon your form, like mine, will slumber
In the cold and silent clay.



Bu hwyrnos bywyd cyn anturiodd
I geisio nodded Crist a'i hedd,
Ond gan ei ddadleu'n wir Achubwr
Hi syrthiodd yma i byrth y bedd.

Yn iach fy mhriod a'm anwylblant,
Nac wylwch mwyach ar fy ol;
Ond gweddiwch am gael gwel'd ein gilydd
Rhwing engyl Crist, o fewn ei gol.

Chwychwi ddarllenwyr y pennillion,
Eich hunain holwch yn eich dydd,
Os ydyw'r bywyd yr arweiniodd
Yn addas cwrdd a'r farn a fydd.

Ac os nad ydych Gristionogion
Prysurwch a chalonau trist,
Mal galloch uno a'r cor nefolaidd,
Rhwing engyl draw yn nheyrnas Crist.

A chofiwch bywyd sydd yn myned,
Yn chwyrn dirwyna'ch oes i ben,
A thoc eich cyrff fel finau hunant
Mewn beddrod tawel is y nen.





Rev. JUSTIN R. LOOMIS, LL. D.

His soul is worthy of the muse
That loves the Saviour's name,
Who spreads abroad the sacred truth,
And glories in its theme.

'Twill not be on the worthless throng
That I will ever muse,
O no, but on the wise and brave,
Whom knowledge doth diffuse.

Then come, my readers, let us muse
On one that long has drank,
From wisdom's bright imperial fount,
And reached the highest rank.

Thy name as a scholar it ever will live,
Thy love for the student great pleasure doth give.
Thy course as a Christian will ne'er be forgot,
Thy fame as a freedman it never can rot.

Brave soldier of Jesus and lover of truth,
In the field thou hast been for many a year,
Defending the truths of the volume sublime,
Regardless of fame and unconscious of fear.



Y PARCH. JUSTIN R. LOOMIS, LL. D.

Mae'n deilwng o'r awenydd gu,
A gar y Ceidwad mawr,
Yr hwn ledaena eiriau Duw,
A'i enaid yn ei wawr.

Nid ar gorachod gwael diwerth,
Y rhed fy meddwl i,
Nage, ond ar y call a'r dewr,
Gwybodus sy'n dwyn bri.

Tydi, ddarllenydd, gwrando gan,
I un yfodd ger ein gwydd,
O ffynon hoff gwybodaeth lawn,
Nes cyrhaedd uchel swydd.

Dy enw mal athraw fydd byw tra b'o byd,
A'th barch i'r efrydydd a gofir o hyd ;
Dy enw mal Cristion nid a byth ar goll,
Mal pleidiwr i rinwedd yr wyt oll yn oll.

Dewr filwr yr Iesu, a charwr y gwir,
Ar faes y ryfelgyrch arosaist yn hir,
Yn diffyn gwirionedd, gwir duedd gair Duw,
Heb geisio anrhydedd, nac ofin un llyw.

The theme of the cross in thy bosom doth swell,
And the story of Jesus thy sacred delight;
The bright golden banner enraptures thy soul,
At the dawn of the morn and the sable of night.

Age hath not tamed the wild muse of thy lay,
Still loyal and faithful as ever before,
And nothing can stay thy passionate lay,
From defending the Saviour, whom all should adore.

Thy name will be cherished by thousands to come,
Whose names and features to us are unknown;
And the church will bless thee for what thou hast done,
When to mansions of glory thy spirit has flown.

Ere long the dear Saviour will bid thee come home,
To the land of the holy to sit on His throne,
And legions of angels rejoicing will greet,
Thy soul with delight on sapphire street.

My muse it must leave thee, thou star of the day,
But duty demands me to speak of thy lay,
For soon thy grey hairs will be changed for a crown,
To reign with the ransomed in sacred renown.

Adieu, antiquarian, thou son of the brave,
The poor will bless thee for what thou hast gave,
And the wise of all ages of Loomis will think,
When from fountains of glory thy spirit doth drink.

Golygfa Calfaria a chwydda dy chwaeth,
Ymadrodd ein Pryuwr yw ffynon dy faeth,
Dysgleirdeb ei faner enyna dy ddawn,
A nerth dy hyfrydwch hwyr, boreu, a nawn.

Ni ddofa hen oedran ddiwydrwydd dy waith,
Ond beunydd yn ffyddlon dwry ystod dy daith,
Ac nid oes all attal dy feddwl a'th fryd,
Rhag diffyn iawnderau Iachawdwr y hyd.

Dy enw ddyrchefir gan filoedd diri',
Eu henwau a'u nodwedd sydd ddiogel i ni,
Ar eglwys fendithia weithredoedd dy ddawn,
Ar ol it' ehedeg drwy rinwedd yr Iawn.

Cyn hir bydd dy Geidwad yn dy alw i dref,
Lle santaidd ddarparwyd i fyw gydag Ef,
A llu o angelion ddyrchafant eu llef,
I'th roesaw i sengyd ar balmant y nef.

Fy awen a'th edy prif seren y dydd,
Ond etto dyledswydd ni'th rhoddi yn rhydd,
Newidir penwynedd cei goron dial,
A theyrnas i aros na syfler ei sail.

Yn iach henafieithydd, areithydd, didaw,
Y tlodion a'th folant, mewn amser a ddaw,
Meddylir am Loomis drwy bob oes o'r byd,
Pan o ddyfroedd moliant yr yfi o hyd.

MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.

JOHN LUKE was a native of Merthyr Glamorgan-shire, South Wales. He emigrated to America in May, 1865. His first place of residence in this country was Shamokin, Northumberland County. He afterwards removed to Mahanoy City, Schuylkill County, and was for a considerable time before his death a faithful member of the Welsh Baptist Church, and undoubtedly expired with a brilliant hope of eternal glory.

O, may we meet, my old friend John,
No more to part again,
In that bright world of joy and love,
Where all are free from pain.
Ah, what a happy place, dear John,
Must that bright heaven be,
To sing the Saviour's dying love
To all eternity.

Though now we part, my old friend John,
We have a hope to meet
On the celestial plains of light,
Where angels will us greet;
And lead us to the peaceful streams
That never will run dry,
And play upon the golden harps
In that bright world on high.

So now adieu, my old friend John,
Death's sweat is on your brow;
You soon will leave all that you love,
You wife and children now.

FY HEN GYFALL JOHN LUKE.

Fu farw yn Mahanoy City, Pa., Gorph. 1. JOHN LUKE, yr hwn a adawodd Troedy-rii-w, Merthyr, tair blynedd i mis Mai diweddaf. Bu yn aros yn y wlad hon gan mwyaf yn Shamokin, Pa; ond o herwydd sefyllfa farwaidd y gweithfeydd symudodd i Mahanoy City, lle y cymerwyd ef yn fuan yn glaf o'r clefyd melyn, o'r hwn affeichyd y bu farw. Gweinyddwyd yn yr angladd gan y Parch. K. D. Thomas ('Iorthyn Gwynedd'). Yr oedd yr ymadawedig yn aelod gyda y Bedyddwyr Cymreig, a bu farw mewn gobaith o fywyd tragwyddol. Cyfansoddwyd y llinellau isod pan yn sefyll wrth ochr ei wely angau.

O na chawn gwrdd, hen gyfaill Sion,
Heb gael ymadael mwy,
Yn nysglaer fro y gwynfyd draw,
Lle nad oes poen na chlwy'.
O ddedwydd le, fy anwyl Sion,
Y rhaid i hwnw fod,
Yn ngwyddfod y Gwardwr mawr,
A byth i ganu clod.

Ymadael wnawn, hen gyfaill Sion,
Mewn gobaith y cawn gwrdd,
Fry, fry yn cangderau gwawl,
Rhwng engyl Seion fwrdd,
I'n tywys hyd at ddyfroedd hedd
Na redant byth yn sych,
A chwareu ar y delyn aur
Mewn gwynion wisgoedd gwych.

Yn iach yn awr, hen gyfaill Sion,
Chwys angeu sy ar eich iad,
Yn fuan cwch a'n gadael ni,
Eich plant a'ch priod fad:

But, John, the saints shall meet again
 'Tis but a transient stay
 To slumber in the silent tomb,
 Till resurrection's day.

So here's my hand, my old friend John,
 We part to meet again,
 Where death nor sorrow will not come,
 Nor aught to cause us pain.
 Where all is joy and love, dear John,
 God grant we all may meet,
 And hail the bright eternal morn
 At our dear Saviour's feet.

THE BAPTISTRY OF ZION,

MEETING HOUSE OF THE WELSH BAPTIST CHURCH,
 MAHANOV CITY, PA.

Place of immersion, sacred to my soul,
 The ages past their solemn music toll,
 That to Baptise means certain to immerse,
 Is plainly seen in many a hallowed verse.

Believe, O fallen man, and be baptised,
 The sacred truth it cannot be disguised;
 It stands Eternal, as its author there,
 And unto all its blessed truths declare.

Ond, Sion, y saint gant eto gwrdd,
Byr amser yma fydd
I huno yn y beddrod llaith,
Hyd adgyfodiad ddydd,

Wel dyma'm llaw, lien gyfaill Sion,
Cawn eto gwrdd mewn hoen,
Lle nas gall hyll ofidiau byd
Nac angau beri poen ;
Llawenydd nef fydd yno Sion,
Prysured Duw yn awr,
A gwawrio wnaed y boreu hoff
Cawn fyn'd at Iesu mawr.

I FEDYDDFAN SION,

ADDOLDY Y BEDYDDWYR YN NINAS MAHANOV, PA.

Lle i fedyddio barchia f'enaid i,
Drwy'r oesoedd oll anhyall yw i ni,
Y dull, ai suddo neu dansuddo sydd
Yn iawn nis gwn wrth wrandaw llais y dydd.

O cred, syrthisdig ddyn, bedyddier di,
Yn erbyn twryll gwrrionedd fyn ei fri ;
Saif bedydd fel ei Awdwr yn ddidwyll
Yn ordinhad i'w gweini gyda phwyll.

My Saviour dear was plunged beneath the wave,
 To unfold the mystery of the grave;
 Then why, O man, a piece of dying clod,
 Wilt thou deny the precept of thy God.

The heavenly beings, from the plains of light,
 Doth gaze with joy upon the sacred sight,
 When man obeys the dictates of his Lord,
 In full accordance with the Holy Word.

Then come O fallen, poor, ephemeral man,
 And follow all the precepts that you can;
 Then after death, rewarded shalt thou be
 In heaven above, to all eternity.

TO MY MARIA.

The reader will bear in mind to lay the accent on the first syllable of the word **M**aria.

To thee, my faithful Maria dear,
 I muse, while lonely straying
 On the Susquehanna's side,
 While sad my heart is beating;
 But Oh! ye sacred scenes of yore,
 That o'er me now doth hover,
 When cold misfortune did not frown
 On me and my dear lover.

Pan ar y llawr bedyddiwyd Awdwr hedd,
Er eglwrhau dirgelwch pyrth y bedd;
Gan hyny, ddyn, yr hwn wyt bryfyn gwyw,
A wadi'r hyn ordeimodd Dnw?

Y llu dirif o ganol nefol wlad,
A syllant ar y ddwyfol ordinhad;
Pan ufuddha y dyn i drefniant Duw,
Yn ol ei air efe fydd fythol fyw.

Gan hyry tyred, O golledig ddryn,
A dilyn holl ffurfiadan Duw ei hun,
Ac elw gai ar ol daearol daith,
Mewn nefoedd fry i dragwyddoldeb maith.

I MARIA.

I ti, fy ffyddlon Maria fwyn,
Gwnaf gan tra'n crwydro'n unig,
Ar lan y Susquehanna hoff,
Fy nghalon gan yr eiddig;
O'r cyssegredig bethau fu
Ant drosodd megys chwifad,
Anffodion byd ni feiddiant gwrdd
A mi a'm anwyl gariad.

The Banks of Susquehanna

On Cambria's tranquil soil we roved
With hearts so blithe and merry,
Our cheeks were like the summer's rose,
Presenting youth and beauty.
Ye blissful scenes, I love to tell
When arm in arm we wandered
Within the fragrant vales of 'Dare,
Ere we in sorrow pondered.

Thou lovely, tranquil vale of 'Dare,
Thy name I sacred hold thee ;
For there I met my Maria dear,
Who still is faithful to me.
Though many years have flown away
Since we were joined together,
Each heart to heart hath faithful been,
And will be so forever.

Though in the past we oft have been
In adverse circumstances,
And many, whom we thought were friends,
Displayed their frail pretences ;
But still rejoice, my Maria dear,
For God will guide us ever,
If on his providence we trust,
His friendship ne'er will sever.

Ar feusydd Gwalia bu ein rhawd,
A'n bron yn llawn llaweuuydd,
A'n gruddiau mal rhosynau haf,
Llawn mwyniant, pwy mor ddedwydd?
Golygfa hardd, mi garaf ddweyd,
Pan fraich yn fraich yn rhodio,
O fewn gwyrddlesni dyffryn Dar,
Heb ofid i'n caethiwo.

Tydi, gariadus ddyffryn Dar,
Dy enw a gyssegraf,
Can's ynot cwrddais Maria hoff,
Sydd byth a'i chariad arnaf;
Ehedodd ymaith flwyddi maith
Er pan yn un y daethom,
Calonau ffyddlon geir o hyd
A chariad ffyna rhyngom.

Er ini fod yn fynych iawn
Mewn amrai o drallodion,
A rhai cyfeillion feddem ni
A droent yn elynion,
Er hyn Maria llawenha,
Duw yw'r Arweiniwr goreu,
Ar ei Ragluniaeth gorphwys wnawn,
Efe a'm cadwai'n ddiau.

O, Thou Supreme and Lofty One,
 Who formed us for thy glory,
 O teach e'er to love thy name
 And sing the sacred story.
 Then side by side we'll travel on
 In harmony together,
 Until we reach that blissful place
 Where love augments forever.

EAST NANTICOKE, April 22d, 1870.

EAST NANTICOKE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

THE CONQUEROR, NO. 161.

The conqueror's faithful little band
 In heart and hand are brave,
 Their glorious motto ever is
 The sinking soul to save.
 For life can be a source of joy,
 Far far beyond all count,
 If man will only be resigned
 To drink from nature's fount.

This faithful little company
 Is thriving very fast,
 Though dark have been the seasons
 They have gone through in the past;
 The brilliant star of hope doth shine
 Upon their path to day,
 And blessings from a Temperance God.
 Are strewn upon their way.

Tydi, O Dduw, anfeidrol fod,
A'n lluniaist i'th glodfori,
O dysg ni dewi a'th garu di,
A chanu dy fawlgerddi ;
Ac ochr yn ochr ymdeithio wnawn,
Mewn cariad a chywirdeb,
Nes cyrhaedd cartref cariad eu
Ar fryniau tragwyddoldeb.

CYMDEITHAS DDIRWESTOL EAST NANTICOKE.

V BUDDUGOLIAETHWR RHIF. 161.

Buddugol wr a'i fyddin fach,
Un llaw a chalon ant,
Ac achub enaid unrhyw ddyn
Os gallant hwy a wnant ;
Gall bywyd fod yn llawen iawn,
Yn mhell uwch meddwl rhai
Pe yfai dyn yn unig o
Y ffynon bur ddidrai.

Y mae y fyddin fechan hon
Yn wrol fyn'd yn mla'n ;
Ac er i gaddug guddio am dro
Ei hymdrechiadau glan,
Hoff seren gobaith heddyw a
Lewyrcha ar ei gwaith,
A thrwy gael llon fendithion Duw
Dilynant ar eu taith.

The Banks of Susquehanna.

And better still, it seems to me,
The future will unfold,
If, faithful to our sacred trust,
We evermore will hold;
For God has promised to defend
The humble, good, and brave,
Therefore, let us do our best
To raise the fallen slave.

O, may my heart and hand e'er be
Long with this loyal band,
To elevate poor fallen man
Upon the temperance stand.
Then come; ye sons of freedom, come,
And aid us all you can,
To bring the poor degraded soul
Back to the form of man.

For man, the image of his God,
Was ne'er designed to drink
Intoxicating alcohol,
And 'neath the brute to sink.
O, no, a higher, glorious course
He was designed to take,
And heaven with all its sacred joys,
Was provided for his sake.

Ac eto gwell argoelion sydd
Yn ngwyneb amser ddaw,
A ffyddlon fyddom, anwyl wyr,
Parhawn yn ddifraw,
O herwydd Duw addawodd fod
Yn gyfaill cywir rai,
Gadewch i'n wneyd ein goreu oll
I achub dynion bai.

Fy llaw a'm calon fydd trwy f'oes
Yn gyson gyda chwi,
I gael perffeithio fy nghyd-ddyn
Mewn dirwest uchel fri ;
Gan hyny deuwch, rhyddid feib,
A chynorthwywch oll
I gadw yr eneidiau gwael,
Rhag iddynt fyn'd ar goll.

Y dyn ar ddelw'i nefol Dad
I feddwi gwn ni roed ;
Gwirodydd a'i gostyngai'n is
Nag anifeiliaid coed ;
Na, na, y mae rhagorach rhan
Yn aros iddo ddwyn,
A'r nef yn ei gogonawl fri
Ddarparwyd er ei fwyn.

Then why, O man of intellect,
Wilt thou a drunkard be,
When God hath ever in reserve
A nobler work for thee?
Thou wast destined for holy use,
While here on earth below,
And after death to dwell above,
Where joys eternal flow.

Then come and join our noble cause.
We'll greet you with delight,
And aid you in adversity,
All that is in our might.
And if but faithful to your trust,
You'll bless the happy day
You ever joined the conqueror's band,
To walk the temperance way.

May heaven bless you, every one,
While here on earth below,
And may our noble temperance cause
In love and verdure grow.
And when my wild and humble muse
Will cease on earth to be,
I'll not forget, dear conqueror,
To drop a word for thee.

Paham, O ddyn sy'n meddu dawn,
Ai'n feddwyn hyll difri?
Gan fod gan Dduw o'i drefniant maith,
Rhagorach gwaith i ti;
Arfaethwyd di yn was i'r Ion
Tra yma ar y llawr;
Ar ol marwolacth esgyn fry
I foli Iesu mawr,

Ymunwch a'r fath achos da,
Yn ieuainc ac yn hen,
Mewn angen cynorthwywir chwi
Tra gallom gyda gwen;
Ac os yn ffyddlon fyddwch chwi
Bendithio'r dydd a wnewch
Y daethoch dan ei baner wech,
A dirwest a fawrhewch.

Y nef fendithio chwi bob un
Tra'n rhodio daear hardd,
A dirwest byth ar gynydd fo,
Drwy gariad rhiu a dardd;
A phan y bydd i'm awen fwyn
Dawelu ar y llawr,
Nis anghofiaf Fuddugwr
Roi gair i'th enw mawr.

A BRIEF ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE EAST NANTICOKE TEMPERANCE
SOCIETY, JANUARY 7, A. D. 1871.

The conqueror's band once more harmonious meet,
 In kindred love their banner to unfold,
That the poor wanderer may a refuge find
 Within the circle of the temperance fold.
With sacred joy we gaze upon the past,
 That all our actions and our motives were
To soothe the sorrows of a wounded race ;
 That all may drink from founts where pleasures are.
No fevered brows nor scorched lips are seen
 Within the fold of this blest happy throng,
But each in strains of cordial music sing,
 In high esteem the cold, bright water song.
How thankful then, ought all of us to be,
 That we are guided by a heavenly hand,
To bring the sorrowing to a port of bliss,
 In this delightful, blessed, favored land.
Kind heaven designed that man to man should be
 United e'er in friendship, truth and love,
To guide his fellow in a trying hour,
 To that celestial One who dwells above.
And blest are they that give a helping hand,
 To free the captive from his iron chains,

ANERCHIAD I DDIRWESTWYR EAST NANTICOKE.

A DRADDODDWDYD 10NAWR 7, 1871.

Mae'i fyddin fach o dan ei faner glud,
Mewn cariad brawdol wedi dod yn nghyd,
Ae i'r crwydredig noddfa sydd i'w gael,
Mewn cylch dirwestol er ei fudd a'i fael,
Ar amser fu edrychwn gyda gwen,
Ein holl weithredoedd yn ein cynllun hen,
Oedd attal gofid y crwydredig sur,
A phawb i yfed o'r ffynonau pur,
Pe hyn ni welid gwrymiog wyneb wedd
O fewn i'w cael, nac ar un arall sedd,
Ond oll mewn pur beroriaeth yn rhoi can,
Mewn uchel lais i'r grisial ddyfroedd glan,
Diolchwn am ei bod fel hyn heb fraw,
Arweinir ni gan aneilyddol law,
Wna ddwyn gofidus ddyn i hafan chwaeth,
Mewn gwlad sydd lawn o bob hyfrydol faeth
Gosododd Nef fod dyn i ddyn i fod
Mewn undeb a brawdgarwch, er ei glod,
Fel arwain naill y llall mewn oriau trist
I gynnal moes, a dilyn llwybrau Crist;
Efe fendithia'r sawl ei law a dderch
I ddwyn y caethwas o'i gadwynau erch;

And drops a word of kindness in his ear,
That sacred joys on earth for him remains.
O, may each member of the conqueror stand
Faithful and loyal to his honored trust,
And help the fallen with the hand of love,
To rise again from earth's degraded dust.

MY CHIEFTAIN NOT FORGOTTEN.

My chieftain dear, I love thee still,
Though silent now thy tranquil form,
For faithful hast thou ever been
To freedom's cause in every storm.
My noble chief, my Lincoln dear,
Columbia sheds for thee a tear,
And millions whisper in my ear,
My chieftain not forgotten.

Sweet be thy sleep, O humble form,
Thy gentle soul was full of love,
The orphan's cry and widow's tear,
Ascended with thy prayers above.
Emancipation, with thy name,
In every age will be the same,
And freedmen's voices swell the theme,
My chieftain not forgotten.

Sisiala air yn frawdol idd ei glyw
Am drysor Dirwest, O mor hyfryd yw ;
O boed pob aelod o'r gymdeithas hon
Yn ffyddlon iawn, yn onest, ac yn llon
I gymhorth y syrthiedig ar bob awr,
A'i godi o fudreddi gwael y llawr !

FY MHRIFON HEB EI ANGHOFIO.

Fy mhrifon hoff, mi'th garaf di,
Er yn y bedd gorweddi 'nawr,
Mor ffyddlon fuost ti erioed
I rhyddid drwy dymhestloedd llawr ;
Mawreddog ben fy Lincoln cu,
Columbia wyla am danat ti,
Miliwnau i'm clust a yrant si'
Ein penaeth ni anghofir.

Boed melus hun i ti, fy rhan,
Dy enaid llawn o gariad fu,
Cwyn gweddwon ac amddifaid tlawd
Yn dy weddiau ddyrchent fry,
Dy rydd-gyhoeddiad yma ddyd,
I'th enw barch drwy oesau'r byd,
A deiliaid rhyddid waedda 'nghyd,
Ein penaeth nis anghofir.

Columbia's son, my faithful chief,
 My soul thy triumphs love to tell,
 That thou in every stage of life,
 Didst honor thy dear country well.
 Thy glorious deeds shall be my song,
 While life to this fond heart belong,
 And sing along with the myriad throng,
 My chieftain not forgotten.

My tender hearted Lincoln dear,
 Thy name is music to my soul,
 And age on age will bless thy name,
 That has not yet begun to roll.
 O, mourn Columbia, ever mourn,
 Thy bosom friend is from thee torn,
 And tell in tears at night and morn,
 My chieftain not forgotten.

1872 NANTICOLE, July 27, A. D. 1872.

TO THE "ANTHRACITE MONITOR," 1872.

Farewell, old year of seventy-one,
 Now all thy days and months are gone,
 And all thy groans and tears are done,
 Forever more;
 Whilst thou hast struck the boundaries of
 Another shore.

Ti, fab Columbia, prifon gwlad,
Fy enaid a ddyrchafa'th fri,
Drwy ystod bywyd diwyd iawn,
Ti geraist les ein gwlad a ni,
Dy rinwedd wna y bardd yn llon,
Tra byddo cariad dan ei fron,
A chan y felns ganian hon,
Ein penaeth nis anghofir.

Dy galon dyner Lincoln hoff,
A'th enw sy'n beroriaeth im',
Ac oesoedd maith a'th folant di,
Mawrygant oll dy deithi chwim,
O dyrch Columbia alar llwyr,
Dy gyfaill aeth cyn oriau hwyr,
A dagrau heillt ddywed yn llwyr,
Ein penaeth nis anghofir.

THE "ANTHRACITE MONITOR," 1872.

Yn iach hen ffrynd, yn saith deg un,
Dy fisoedd aeth, a'th ddyddiau cun,
Dy ddagrau a'th ruddfanau blin,
Nid ydynt nan,
Ti hwyliast dros y cefnfor mawr,
I arall lan.

I rai, cyfeilles fuost ti,
I eraill angau greulon gri,
Ond dy ddyledswydd wnaethost i
Bob cryf a gwan,
Drwy ufuddhau i ffyrdd yr Ior
Yn mhob rhyw fan.

Pe pawb fel ti yn gwneud o hyd
'E gaed gwell trefniant ar y byd ;
Oddiwrth greulondeb byddem glud,
Medd synwyr mudd ;
Ond ha, ceir cariad llawer un
Yn dwyll a hudd.

Fe wisgwyd rhai'n mewn bleiddiaid grwyn,
A chynen greant drwy eu cwyn,
Diffoddant rinwedd calon fwyn,
Pe na ba'i croes ;
A'u dull cythreulig mynych dry
Y dydd yn nos.

Er cyrhaedd swyddi is y nef,
Hwy werthant ddyn, a'i dy a'i dref,
Ac yma'n grwydryn y bydd ef
O ran y rhai'n ;
Calonau Cesar feddant hwy,
Y gethern fain.

Melldithiol ddyn yw bradwr mawr,
A dyn gyd-ddyn i ofid sawr,
Gwell iddo rhoi ei gorff i lawr
Yn hyll ei wedd,
I gysu yn mhlith y pryfed man,
Mewn distaw fedd.

Pa beth a wnawn ni yn y byd,
Os nad i hawlion breiniau clud,
Cyfartal ydym yma i gyd,
Os dewr a chall ;
Ac os nad felly ydym lai
Nag abwyd dall.

Dan fantell gormes sefais i
Wrth geisio breinio dyn ei fri,
A myned ges i lawr y lli'
Yn eithaf chwim ;
Ond mae yn gysur genyf ddweyd,
Ni feddais ddim.

Ni thry fy myfyr tra yn bod
Rhag bod y gweithiwr yn brif nod,
Gwrthrychau teilwng ynt o'm clod,
Fy serch a'm dawn ;
A gobaith erys am y dydd
Y ceir eu hiawn.

Then let us mend the links again,
 That long composed the Union chain,
 Then peace and harmony will reign
 Throughout the land ;
 And man to man will be rejoined
 In heart and hand.

Then, welcome again, dear noble craft,
 Hoping thy sails may ever waft,
 And thy mate and captain look aloft
 As heretofore ;
 Until they reach that destined haven,
 The better shore.

WOMELSDORF'S FARM, JANUARY 1ST, A. D. 1872.

JESUS, THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

My Saviour, O my Saviour, I love thy sacred name,
 Rejoicing 'neath thy banner I'll sing thy glorious fame ;
 Thy boundless love for sinners the seraphs can't explain,
 Nor all the hosts in glory can tell what grief and pain
 That thou for us endured, while here on earth below,
 For unto thee, my Saviour, no mercy man did show.
 My blessed Lord and Saviour, lend us thy spirit, lend,
 For thou art still unchanging, *Jesus, the sinner's friend.*

Gwellhawn y cadwyni certh,
A gadwai undeb yn ei nerth,
A hedd a thangnef fydd o werth,
Yr oes a ddaw ;
A dyn at ddyn gysylltir i
Fyn'd law yn llaw.

Wel etto unwaith gwch bach llon,
Hyderaf hwyli dros y don,
A'th swyddwyr blaenaf elo'r bron,
Fel megys cynt,
Nes cyrhaedd mwyniant y gwir borth,
Sef.nod ein hynt.

IESU YN GYFAILL PECHADURIAID.

Fy Ngheidwad, O fy Ngheidwad, mor anwyl caraf di ;
Llawenhaf dan dy faner, a chanaf iti fri ;
Dy annherfynol gariad at bechaduriaid gwael,
A'th boen holl engyl gwynfyd a wyddant er eu mael ;
Ah ! drosom ni dyoddefodd arteithion creulon croes,
Ni chefaist un drugaredd pan yma ar y groes ;
Fy Nuw a'm Ceidwad ffyddlon, O rho dy Ysbryd im',
Waith hebot ti ni fedra pechadur wneuthur dim.

My Saviour, O my Saviour, the sinner's only friend,
On whom the weary wanderer may ever more depend ;
For when the world forsakes me thy friendship is the same,
And all have been accepted that to the cross e'er came.
Had I the wings of Gabriel, I would fly o'er all the earth,
And chant the sacred story of my Messiah's birth,
And tell the sons of Adam on whom they could depend,
Whose friendship is unchanging, *Jesus, the sinner's friend.*

My bounteous Lord and Saviour, thy name I'll e'er adore,
And sing with men and angels thy glories evermore ;
Then guide me, O my Saviour, with thy celestial light,
To walk in Christian homage my pilgrimage aright.
Then 'neath the cross I'll worship thy dear enchanting
name,
And sing with men and angels the honors of thy fame ;
To thee, my dear Redeemer, shall all our prayers ascend,
For no one is, beside thee, *Jesus, the sinner's friend.*

My Saviour, O my Saviour, no other name so dear,
For in my darkest moments thy sacred form is near ;
O, how can I repay thee for such o'erwhelming love,
Thou radiant star of glory that leads my soul above.
I cannot e'er repay thee, but help me Lord, to say,
The garden, cross and manger shall be my highest lay,
And when this vale I'm leaving, O may my prayer ascend,
All glory to my Saviour, *Jesus, the sinner's friend.*

Fy Ngheidwad, O fy Ngheidwad, yr unig gyfaill sydd
Y gall pechadur crwydrol i osod ynddo'i ffydd ;
Pan gefna'r hollfyd arnat tydi a bery'r un ;
Pawb at y groes a ddaethant, derbyniwyd hwy'n gytun,
Pe meddwn edyn Gabriel ehedwn dros y byd,
A'r newydd cyssegredig am y Messia clud ;
Dywedwn wrth blant Adda ar bwy dibynent hwy,
Sef Crist ein Ceidwad brawdol, drwy rinwedd marwol
glwy'.

Fy Arglwydd mawr a'm Ceidwad, dy enw folaf fyth,
Pan gyda'r saint ac engyl yn canu gwnaf fy nyth ;
Arweinia, O fy Ngheidwad, a dy nefolaidd wawl,
I rodio llwybrau'r Cristion mewn pererinol hawl.
O dan y groes addolaf dy enw swynol di,
Ac unaf a miliwnau i ganu byth dy fri ;
I ti, fy hoff Waredwr, dyrchafa molawd gan,
Oblegyd ti, ein Iesu, yw'n cyfaill diwahan.

Fy Ngheidwad, O ! fy Ngheidwad, nid oes un enw mawr
Yn hafal hwyr a boreu, wyt gyda ni bob awr ;
Pa fodd y medraf dalu am y fath gariad dwys,
Wyt seren fy nghogoniant os rhoddaf arni'm pwys .
Nis gallaf fyth ad-dalu, gan hyny cymhorth fi,
Yr ardd, y groes, a'r preseb ynt deilwng o fy mri ;
A phan o'r byd daearol y byddaf fi yn myn'd,
Mi garaf fi fy Iesu, fy Noddwr mawr a'm Ffrynd.



THOUGHTS UPON HOPE.

Hope is a glorious gem,
That lights the gloomy breast,
It dries the flooding tears,
And points to the weary rest.
It partly lifts the veil of years
And calms the mind of future fears.

Hope is the unvalued gift
That was to mortals given,
When from their Eden home,
The fugitives were driven.
For as they walked the cloudy way,
It led them to a brighter day.

Hope is the only friend
That in the bosom dwells,
It ne'er the soul forsakes,
But oft in rapture swells.
It yields the soul a joyful light,
When in a prison cell at night.



MYFYRDOD AR OBAITH.

Ti Obaith wyt ogonawl enw,
Llewyrchi drwy y galon ddu ;
Gan sychu dagrau heilltion fyrdd,
Cyfeiri at orphwysfan cu,
Dadwisgi orchudd blwyddi maith,
Troi'r meddwl i ddyfodol daith.

Ti Obaith wyd anfeidrol rodd
A roddwyd i anffodus rai,
O Eden draw pan yrwyd dyn,
Ei artref tlws, o herwydd bai
Yr aeth i ffwrdd, ar edyn ffydd
Arweiniwyd ef i fwy o ddydd.

Ti Obaith unig gyfaill gwir,
Arosi yn y fynwes fad ;
Cefnogi fyth yr enaid gwan,
Cymhelli fuddugoliaeth rad ;
Ti roi i'r enaid lachar wawl
Pan fyddo'r mor yn honi'r hawl

The Banks of Susquehanna.

Hope is the only guest
That cheers the shipwrecked soul,
When on a single plank,
The billows 'neath him roll.
It oft hath been the sailor's guide,
When battling with the angry tide.

Hope is the only balm
That heals the mother's heart,
When from her loving arms,
Her dying babe departs.
She hopes to meet her babe again,
Where life and peace forever reign.

Hope is a well of joy,
That springs from heaven's fount,
And aids the weary soul
All trials to surmount.
It brings to view that sacred clime,
Beyond the thorny path of time.

Hope is the golden chain
That lifts the sinner up,
'Twas made on Calvary,
When Jesus drained the cup.
Then may thy hope, poor wanderer, be
In Him alone who died for thee.

Ti Obaith wyd nefolaidd gar,
Os bydd yr ysbryd yma'n flin ;
Ar weilgi hen beryglon traws,
A'r tonau dig yn troi a thrin ;
Yn fynych iawn arweini di
Rhag soddi yn yr ymchwydd li'.

Ti Obaith wyd nefolaidd faln,
Sydd yn gwellhau holl fronau mam,
Pan odd ei breichiau tyner hi
Cymerir mebyn hardd dinam ;
Gobeithia etto gwrdd ag ef
Mewn heddwch fyth yn nef y nef.

Ti Obaith ydwyf ffynon hedd,
A darddodd draw mewn nefol wlad,
A chymhorth wnaï yr enaid blin,
Gwaredi ef rhag twyll a brad ;
Amlygir yr anwylaidd wawr
Ordeiniwyd gan yr Iesu mawr.

Ti Obaith ydwyd gadarn awr
Sy'n dwyn pechadur fynu'n llyn,
Pan yfai Crist o'r cwpan dig
Fu'n chwerw ar Galfaria fryn ;
O bydd heb flawdd yn nawdd i ni,
Yn Nghrist ein Tad a'n Ceidwad cu.

The Banks of Susquehanna.

Still hope and live to Him,
 Poor, weary, thirsting soul,
 Until thou reach thy home,
 Where endless pleasures roll.
 Then shall thy hoping soul find rest,
 Upon the blest Redeemer's breast.

PAF NANTICOKE, February 9, A. D. 1871.

A POEM TO THOMAS WALTER PRICE.

(CUHELYN.)

The bard that long melodious sang,
 The fame of Cymry's fragrant shore,
 Has warbled forth his latest song,
 Cuhelyn's harp will tune no more.

His rapt imperial muse awoke
 In boyhood's bright and happy day,
 And on through life's uneven course,
 Sweet was the music of his lay.

His soul delighted to unfold,
 What Gwalia was in days of yore,
 Before invaders ever trod
 The flowery beds of Cymry's shore.

Gobeithiwn oll tra byddwn byw,
Eneidiau yn sychedig sydd,
Nes cyrhaedd fry i'n cartref iach,
Lle mac deiliadon cywir ffydd :
Tragwyddol orphwys yno gawn
Ar fynwes un a roddodd Iawn.

Y DIWEDDAR THOMAS GWALLTER PRICE.

(CUIHELYN.)

Y bardd a garai gerddi'n hir,
Arwyrain Cymru, gwlad ei mwy',
A roddodd ini ei olaf gan,
Ei delyn ef ni chlywir mwy.

E ddeffrodd ei awenydd ef
Yn mhlodau'i oes mewn hoenus hynt,
A thrwy ei fywyd hedeg wnai
Yn felus mal ar edyn gwynt.

Hyfrydwch pur ei enaid oedd
Dadblygu'r hyn fu Gwalia deg,
Cyn sengi troed un estron ar
Ei llenyrch heirdd, ei chynyrch chweg.

In Cambria's native tongue, he wrote
The triumphs of his native land,
When Gomer's sons did proudly sway
Their sceptre on the blooming strand.

Sweet be thy sleep, dear nature's bard,
May none disturb thy resting place,
For generations yet to come
With joy thy gems will love to trace.

So now, Cuhelyn dear, adieu,
My muse must leave thee as thou art;
For more than this I cannot say,
Thou hadst a philanthropic heart.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

O, Saviour, dear Saviour, we'll sing of thy love,
For leaving the kingdom of glory above,
To rescue such poor little children as we,
By so agonizing upon Calvary.
O, help us to praise Thee for what thou hast done,
And evil temptations forever to shun,
Then guide us, O guide us, by thy gentle hand,
Until we shall praise thee in Canaan's bright land.

Yn iach, y Cymry datgan wnaeth
Hen frwydrau eirch ei deidiau gynt ;
Pan oedd hil Gomer yn eu rhwysg
Yn baeddu pawb o'r pedwar gwynt.

Yn felus huna, anwyl fardd,
Tyngedaf bawb rhag cwrdd dy fedd ;
Am oesau ddaw dy gerddi gwych
Lewyrchant ar golofnau hedd.

Yn iach, Cuhelyn, anwyl fardd ;
Yr awen orfydd, er dy fri,
A mwy na hyn, nid allaf ddweyd,
Mai gwir ddyngarwr oeddyt ti.

..

PLANT BYCHAIN.

O Geidwad, O Geidwad, i'th gariad rown glod,
Am adael bro lawen, lle'r anfeidrol Fod ;
I achub plant bychain 'nawr fel 'rydym ni,
Drwy ddyoddef y poenau ar fryn Calfari.
A chymhorth ni i'th foli am weithred mor fawr,
A dod o'th ogoniant at gaethion y llawr,
O cymhorth ni Arglwydd a'th wir dyner law
Hyd nes y'th glodforwn yn y Ganaan draw.

O, Saviour, dear Saviour, our tribute we'll bring,
 And ever thy glory delightfully sing,
 For thou hast recorded in thy holy word,
 That all little children should come to their Lord.
 Then humble and faithful, O teach us to be,
 Until we thy amiable person shall see ;
 Then we will praise thee with heavenly delight,
 With all the bright angels in day without night.

WOMELSDORE'S FARM, September 24, A. D. 1871.

FEAR NOT.

Fear not, the cry is sounding
 O'er all the earth around,
 Your rights shall be defended,
 Ye workers 'neath the ground.
 Your dangers are sufficient,
 Without oppression's hand,
 Then why should the brave miners
 Be wronged of just demand?
Chorus—By labor's cause then let us ever stand,
 For we were so designed to be,
 In union, heart and hand.

Fear not, though clouds may gather,
 And threaten to o'erwhelm,
 Remember, fellow workman,
 Whose hand is at the helm.

O Geidwad, hoff Geidwad, ein teyrnged a gai,
Ac hyd byth dy foliant a ganwn heb drai ;
O herwydd mynegant drwy gyfrwng dy air
Bod rhaid i blant bychain gael mwyniant mab Mair.
Yn blant gostyngedig mewn ffydd dyger ni,
Nes gweled dy berson a'th anrhydedd di ;
Bryd hyny'th fawrygwn mewn nefolaidd ddawn,
Yn mhlith y dysgleirwch angylion yn llawn.

NAC OFNA.

Nac ofna, nae rhyw adsain
Drwy gyrau'r byd yn awr ;
Diffynwn eich iawnderau,
Chwi lowyr er eich dawn,
Digonol yw'ch peryglon
Heb ormes blin a thrais,
Pa achos fod y mwnwr
Yn methu cael ei gais ?
Byrdion—Yn achos llafur yn ddifraw
Ni safwn, dyna'n tynged ni,
Mewn undeb law yn llaw.

Nac ofna, os bydd cymyl
Yn bygwth dy wyrdroi,
Ond cofia fy nghydweithiwr
Llaw pwy oedd heb osgoi ;

That hand has ever aided
 The efforts of the brave,
 And will not let the toiler
 Be turned into a slave.

Cho.—By labor's cause, &c.

Fear not, but be undaunted,
 And to the union cling,
 For the unfathomed future
 Has something new to bring.
 The dawn is nearly breaking,
 Then faint not on the way,
 This fearful human struggle
 Points to a brighter day.

Cho.—By labor's cause, &c.

Fear not, for undivided,
 Our order will expand,
 Till all the sons of labor
 Will join our noble band.
 Then will the fruits of union
 Be gathered everywhere,
 And all the countless toilers,
 The rights of labor share.

Cho.—By labor's cause, &c.

EAST NANTUCKET, May 8, A. D. 1871.

Mae'r wawr yn dechreu tori,
Nac ofna gyfaill rhydd,
Daw'r ymgyrch mawr presenol
I mi'n ragorach dydd.
Yn achos llafur, &c.

Nac ofiwch, heb wahanu,
Ein hachos daen o hyd,
Nes daw holl ddeiliaid llafur
O dan ei nodded clud.
Pryd hyn cynhyrchion undeb
A gesglir yn mhob man,
A dirif holl lafurwyr
Iawnderau fydd eu rhan.
Yn achos llafur, &c.

Nac ofna, bydd yn wrol,
Dan faner undeb rydd,
Yn nyfnder y dyfodol
Rhyw bethau newydd fydd ;
Y law a gynorthwya
Weithredoedd gwrol ddyn
Ni edy y llafurwr
O hyd mewn gwyd a gwyn.
Yn achos llafur, &c.



THE COW.

About noon, yesterday, a calf was sold from this farm, being only about three or four weeks old. In the evening the mother was let into the stable, but failing to find her young she commenced to bellow and continued so all night, and even now is still bellowing while I am penning these few lines.

I cannot help but feel for thee,
Although thou art a cow;
Thou hast a feeling I've no doubt,
Or thou wouldst not bellow now.
In vain it is for thee to call
Upon thy young again,
For 'tis by now I'm very sure,
By John, the butcher, slain.

The butcher has by now, no doubt,
Sold out thy young by pounds.
Whilst thou art still a bellowing
And going on thy rounds
To seek the one that thou hast lost,
Which seems to me to prove
That even the poor brute itself
Well knows the pangs of love.



Y FUWCH.

Y ddoe, yn nghylch nawn, gwerthwyd llo o'r tyddyn hwn heb fod yn ychwaneg na thair wythnos oed. Yn y prydawn gollyngwyd y fuwch, man y llo, i'r beudy, yn mha le, o herwydd gweled diflyg y llo, y dechreuodd frefu, a pharhaodd telly drwy y nos, a pharhai i frefu tra yr ysgrifennai hyn o linellau.

Rhaid imi deimlo drosot ti,
Er nad wyt onid buwch,
Mae genyt deimlad pwy a wad,
Onide ni frefit c'uwch:
Ond ofer yw dy alwad di,
Boddlona 'nol dy radd,
Gan hyn mi wn yn dda fod John
Y cigydd wedi ei ladd.

Cyn hyn y cigydd yn ddiau
A'i gwerthodd wrth y pwys,
Tra'r ydwyt ti yn brefu o gylch,
O hyd mewn gofid dwys,
I chwilio am golledig un,
Yr hyn a brawf i mi
Fod boddau anifeiliaid fyrdl
Yn meddu cariad cu.

Ye mothers that would fain deny
 The children of your breast,
 You here can learn a lesson
 From this poor, simple beast.
 Your features you would hide with shame,
 And this you can't deny,
 If for her young a brute will pine,
 You for your child should die.

WOMELDORF'S FARM, JANUARY 3, 1872.

THE VISITING PHYSICIAN.

A physician a visit to Nanticoke made,
 And put up at Rouse's Hotel;
 So what happened the visiting doc. and horse,
 Will be quite amusing to tell.

Chorus.—Of all events that have occurred,
 This one the worst must be,
 For he filled the manger with sawdust,
 And then went on the spree.

'Tis true, experiments often are tried
 With skill on man and beast,
 But to feed a horse with cold sawdust,
 Must be a peculiar feast.

Cho.—Of all events that have occurred, &c.

Chwi famau wadwch, os bydd modd,
Blant hoenus, llon, eich bron,
Chwi allwch yma dderbyn gwers
Oddiwrth ymddygiad hon ;
Eich gwarth a guddiwch rhag cael gwawd,
Ac nac amheuwch fi,
O siom ei bach dihoenai'r fuwch,
Roi'ch einioes ddylech chwi.

..

Y MEDDYG YMWELIADOL YN EAST NANTICOKE.

Daeth meddyg i Nanticoke pan ar ei daith,
Arosodd yn *Rouse's Hotel*,
A'r hyn a ddygwyddodd i'r meddyg a'i farch,
Difyrwch a rydd i'r rhai ffel.
Byrdun—O bob dygwyddiad fu crioed
Hwn yw'r ryfeddaf fu ;
Fe lanwai'r preseb a blawd llif,
Ac yna'r aeth ar spri.

Gwneir yma brawfiadau ar anifail a dyn,
Can's mcibion celfyddyd a fedd ;
Ond porthi hen geffyl drwy gyfrwng blawd llif
Sydd iddo'n ryfedd wledd.
O bob dygwyddiad, &c.

The poor old horse very queer did look,
 Upon his wooden diet,
 And all night long did kick and groan,
 But in the morning was very quiet.

Cho.—Of all events that have occurred, &c.

Such a curious physician I never did see,
 For often 'bout friends he would cry,
 While the poor old horse could hardly stand,
 'Pon my word I thought he would die.

Cho.—Of all events that have occurred, &c.

If ever the doctor in life intends
 To pay us a visit again,
 We hope his knowledge will be as much
 As to know sawdust from grain.

Cho.—Of all events that have occurred, &c.

For Nanticoke always has plenty of food,
 To supply both man and beast,
 And the difference between sawdust and grain,
 He ought to know that at least.

Cho.—Of all events that have occurred,

This one the worst must be,
 For he filled the manger with sawdust,
 And then went on the spree.

Yr hen geffyl tlawd edrychai yn syn
Ar weddill y goeden yn fwyd,
Drwy ystod y noson anesmwyth y bu,
Ond y boreu mor dawel a chlwyd.
O bob dygwyddiad, &c.

Y fath feddyg ryfeddol ni welais erioed,
Fe lefai am geraint neu ffrynd ;
Tra'r oedd yr hen gyffyl yn ochain yn groch,
Ar fy nghair bum agos a myn'd.
O bob dygwyddiad, &c.

Os etto daw meddyg yn ystod fy oes
I dalu ymweliad a ni,
Gobeithio y bydd ei wybodaeth y fath
Na chymer yn ymborth flawd lli'.
O bob dygwyddiad, &c.

Medd Nanticoke wastad ddigonedd o fwyd
I ddiwallu ceffyl a dyn,
A barnu rhwng ebran a rhinwedd blawd llif
Fe ddylai y meddyg ei hun.
O bob dygwyddiad fu erioed,
Hwn yw'r ryfeddaf fu ;
Fe lanwai'r preseb a blawd llif,
Ac yna'r aeth ar spri.

TO EDITH.

An old acquaintance of mine recently called upon me, with the request that I would write a few verses for him to his wife, stating his affection for her and acknowledging his wandering propensities.

Edith, dear, my heart is with thee,
Though far from thee I am now,
Yet I very well remember
When I gave to thee my vow.

Though it seems my fate to wander,
Still remembrance is the same,
And my mind doth ever linger
'Round the spot from where I came.

Then remember, gentle Edith,
We, ere long, may meet again
Where the foliage throng are chanting
On old Cymry's verdant plain.

In days of yore their voices blended
Sweetly with our songs of love,
As we both did lonely wander
Through each fragrant, flowery grove.

How brief the time it seemed unto us,
The morning like an hour pass'd,
And ere our tales of love were ended
Old Phœbus would refuse to last.

I EDITH.

Dweth hen gyfaill i mi attaf yn ddiweddar, a gofynodd os cyfansoddwn ychydig llinellau iddo i'w wraig yn Nghymru, yn amlygu ei serch tuag ati, a chydnabod ei duedd grwydrol.

Edith anwyl, mae fy nghalon
 Gyda thi, a mi yn mhell ;
Ond etto'r dydd yr wyf yn gofio
 Pan gest fy llw o fewn y gell.

Ymddengys ini fy mod i grwydro
 Ond etto adgof saif yr un,
Ac ymchwifiad meddwl effro
 O gylch 'smoty'n bach fy hun ;

Gan hyny cofia anwyl Edith
 Y gallwn gwrdd ar fyr o dro,
Yn hen Gymru lle mae'r adar
 Yn adseinio'r freiniol fro.

Yr amser gynt eu melus odlau,
 Dyferion cariad oedd eu cerdd,
Pan y byddem ni yn rhodio
 Hyd y fro ar lanerch werdd ;

Mor fuan ai yr oriau ymaitli,
 Boreuddydd giliai megys awr,
A chyn darfyddai geiriau cariad
 Gadawai Phoebus roddi gwawl.

Oh, may it be again, my Edith,
Our happy lot, like that of yore,
To walk in Love's unfading bowers,
And ne'er on earth to part no more.

WOMELSDORF'S FARM, JANUARY 3, 1872.

FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.

Awake, noble toilers, give ear to my musing,
Let virtue adorn us although we are poor,
For the secret of living is to love one another,
And aid the dejected that knocks at our door.
Then let us not murmur but stand by each other,
For life it is passing so swiftly away,
And to-morrow we may not again be together,
Then forgive one another, dear friends, while you may.

Again pause a moment, consider the dangers
That hover around us while working below,
For life is uncertain while we are under mining,
And the bravest among us may fall 'fore we know.
Then cheer thy dear comrade on life's gloomy pathway,
And drop not a word that his heart will dismay,
For earth's tribulations are enough to encounter,
Then forgive one another, dear friends, while you may.

O bydd felly etto Edith,
Ein dyddiau dedwydd fydd yn lwy,
I rodio mewn ireiddiol gariad,
A byth i gael ymadael mwy.

MADDEUWN I'N GILYDD.

Dewch, wrol lafurwyr, rhowch glust i fy nghaniad,
Boed rhinwedd yn addurn, er ein bod yn dlawd ;
Nod uchel ein bywyd yw caru ein gilydd,
A noddi'r angenus sy'n isel ei rawd ;
A byth nac achwynwn, ond cymhorth ein gilydd,
Can's bywyd a heibio yn gyflym o hyd ;
Y fory efallai na welwn gynulliad,
Maddeuwn i'n gilydd tra gallom i gyd.

Ac etto am fynud ystyriwch beryglon
Ddadblygir i'n sylw tra'n gweithio is dar,
Anhyall yw bywyd wrth gloddio y mwneu,
Y dewr a'r gwrolaf all gwympo mewn bar ;
Gan hyny cysura'th gydweithwyr bob amser,
Na ad air ddylifo er briwio ei fryd ;
Ein hymdaith drwy'n bywyd sydd lawn o groesincb,
Maddeuwn i'n gilydd tra gallom i gyd.

TO ELIZA BLAKE,

OF "HONEY POT," LUZERNE COUNTY, PA., ON RECEIVING, FROM HER
HANDS A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Ten thousand blessings on thy head,
Dear, noble-hearted child,
Thy features beam with genius,
Thy ways are kind and mild,
The music of thy gentle voice
I well-remember yet,
But ah! those cups of water ne'er
Can I on earth forget.

Ten thousand blessings on thy head,
May fortune on thee smile,
And if thou wilt arrive at age
May no man thee beguile;
Fain would I curse the man that could
Thy innocence betray,
For kinder I have never met
Through life's beclouded way.

Ten thousand blessings on thy head,
While on this earth below,
And may thy peace, kind-hearted child,
Just like the river flow;

I ELIZA BLAKE,

O "HONEY POT," PA, AR DDERBYNIAD O'I LLAW GWPANAID O
DDWFR OER.

Mil o fendithion ar dy ben,
Y siriol fechan ferch,
Dy wedd arddengys efrydd dwys,
Dy ffyrdd awelon serch;
Peroriaeth sy'n dy swynol lais,
Adgofiaf yn ddilyth,
Ond O! y cwpaneidiau dwr
A ges—mi gofiaf hyth.

Mil o feudithion ar dy ben,
Pob llwyddiant boed i ti,
I oedran gwraig os deui byth
Rhoed pob un i ti fri;
Melldithiwn ni yr un wnai ddrwg
I'th ddiniweidrwydd cu,
Anwyled un ni welais i
Drwy gaddug bywyd du.

Mil o fendithion ar dy ben,
Tra ar ddacarol fro,
A bod dy heddwch, anwyl ferch,
Fel afon yn ei thro;

And when the messenger of death
 His warrant to thee brings,
 O, mayest thou drink from heaven's fount,
 'Long with the King of kings.

WOMELSDORF'S FARM, JANUARY 4, 1872.

THE WANDERER'S PRAYER.

O, Infinite Almighty God,
 That holdest in thy hand
 The countless worlds that doth revolve,
 To suit thy wise command,
 Thou art the essence of all light,
 The source of every joy,
 The only One on whom I can
 With confidence rely.

As angels doth delight to praise
 Their Lord, with rapt delight,
 Then ought I not to worship him
 With all that's in my might?
 O, Heavenly Father, hear my prayer,
 And guide me back again
 Into those flowery paths divine,
 Where pure pleasures reign.

A phan y daw hen angeu erch
A'i warant ar dy ol,
Pur ddyfroedd saint a yfot ti
Ar nefol diriol ddol.

GWEDDI'R CRWYDRYN.

Anfeidrol Hollalluog Dduw,
Sy'n cynnal a dy law,
Aneirif fydoedd yn eu cylch
Drwy'r eangderau mawr ;
Tydi yw achos gwawl i gyd,
Cynherfyd llonder dwys,
Yi unig Fod a allaf fi
Mewn hyder roddi'm pwys.

Gan fod angylion yn rhoi mawl
Mor hyfryd idd eu Glyw,
Ein dyled yw eu dilyn hwy
'Nol geiriau deddfau Duw ;
O nefol Dad, fy ngweddi clyw,
Arweinia fi yn ol
I dy flodeuog lwybrau eu,
'Gael dod i'th gynef gol.

The Banks of Susquehanna.

The spark divine Thou long didst place
 Within the inner man ;
 It often tells me I am wrong,
 And doth my conscience span.
 Then kindle, Lord, the sacred spark,
 That I may still survive,
 For well thou knowest, Heavenly One,
 ' The world doth 'gainst me strive.

Then for the sake of Thy dear Son,
 Who died, that I may live,
 Eternal One, now hear my prayer,
 And all my sins forgive,
 O clothe me with thy righteous garb,
 To walk the heavenly way,
 And guide me through this cloudy earth,
 To heaven's eternal day.

WOMELSDORE'S FARM, JANUARY 2, 1871.

O, THAT WITH THEE. MY FAITHFUL FATHER!

O that with thee, my faithful father,
 I could but sing, like that of yore.
 The praises of the King of glory,
 Whom thou didst teach to adore.

Y bur wreichionen ddwyfol ro'ist,
O fewn i'r mewdol ddyn,
Awgryma'n fynych im' fy mai,
Cydwybod fach a gryn ;
Enyna, O Dduw, wreichionen fach.
Modd cadwer fi rhag gwae,
Can's fel y gwyddost, nefol Dad,
Y byd i'm erbyn mae.

Gan hyny er mwyn dy anwyl Fab,
Fu farw er i mi gael byw,
O maddeu im', dragwyddol Fod,
Fy ngweddi, Arglwydd clyw,
A dyro i mi gael dy nerth
Fel rhodiwyf ffyrdd dy Rhen,
Ac arwain fi drwy'r cymyl du,
I'th foli di, Amen.

O GYDA THI, FY NHAD FFYDDLONAF.

O ! gyda thi, fy nhad ffyddlonaf,
Nad eiliem gan fel cynt ein dau,
Yn mawlgerdd Brenin y tangnefedd,
Yr hwn ymdrechaist i'w fawrhau.

My drooping mind it soon would flourish
Like flowers by the morning dew,
If but with thee, my Christian sire,
I could the by-gone scenes review.

The pray'r thou first in childhood taught me,
My mind retains through flowing years,
And oft in manhood I've repeated
The same in reverential tears.

Sometimes, in visions, I have seen thee
Reclining in the old arm-chair,
At others, pleading for thy children
In the sacred form of pray'r.

But ah ! 'tis now forever ended,
No more on earth wilt thou appear ;
Yet while I live thy form will flourish
In this fond bosom, ever dear.

No winter-blast, again, my father,
Will blow upon thy aged form,
Nor circumstances e'er oppress thee,
Thou now art safe from every storm.

Though thirty years thou wast a stranger,
To the light that Phœbus gave,
Still thy soul was e'er illumined
By Him who died the world to save.

Fy meddwl isel a lewyrchai,
Mal rhosyn y boreu wlith,
Pe gyda thi, fy nhad anwylaf,
Adgofiem bethau fu'n ein plith.

Y weddi ddysgaist i mi'n febyn
Drysorwyd yn fy meddwl i ;
Yn awr yn ddyn mi a'i hadroddaf,
A dagrau serch yn treiglo'n lli'.

Drwy ddychymyg mi'th ganlynaf
Yn gorphwys yn dy gadair-fraich,
A thrwy weddi yn rhoi gofal
Dy blant i'r Nef i ddwyn eu baich.

Yn awr, fy nhad, chedaist ymaith,
Dy weled yma mwy ni chaf ;
Ond tra yn fyw dy wedd dywyna,
Yn fy mynwes megys haf.

Ni chwythant mwy awelon gauaf
Ar dy gorff adfeiliol di,
Nac amgylehiadau mwy ni'th lethant,
Dyogel wyt rhag anffawd lu.

Tri deg o flwyddi fuost yma
Heb wel'd goleuni Phoebus glud,
Ond eto'th enaid a oleuwyd
Yn rhinwedd Crist, achubwr byd.

And now, within the clime of glory,
 Eternal sight is to thee given,
 To see the One thou long adored,
 With all the holy scenes of heaven.

So now adieu, my faithful father,
 My heart it melts in pangs of love,
 As o'er the scenes of yore I ponder,
 That I am here and thou above.

So farewell, dearest earthly guide,
 Until I there along with thee meet,
 To chant the hallelujah chorus,
 Beside the blest Redeemer's feet.

WOMENSDORF'S FARM, JULY 14, 1875.

FLOW ON, SUSQUEHANNA.

INSCRIBED TO A. V. LAPE, M. D., EAST NANBROOK.

Flow on Susquehanna, the pride of Wyoming,
 Thy meandering waters I love to behold,
 More dear is thy presence to each son of the valley,
 Than all of the wealth that the Indies doth hold;
 For oft on thy borders the Indian and white man
 Have fought till their gore hath closed thy stream,
 Though seldom a son of the poor, lonely Indian,
 Evermore on thy flowery banks will be seen.

Yn awr, o fewn i'r hinsawdd nefol
Goleuni bythol gefaist ti,
I wel'd yr Hwn a wir addolaist
Yn manllefau nefol lu.

Yn iach yn awr, fy nhad anwylaf,
Fe dawdd gan serch fy enaid i ;
Wrth syllu ar y pethau fuodd,
Mi yma'n dlawd, a thithau fry.

Yn iach ddacarol wir arweinydd,
Hyd nes y cawn ni etto gwrdd,
I ganu'r gydgan Haleluia
Fry gyda'r Iesu wrth ei fwrdd.

YN MLAEN SUSQUEHANNA.

CYFLWYNEDIG I'R ENWOG FEDDYG A. A. LAPE, EAST NANTICOKI.

Yn mlaen Susquehanna, anrhydedd Wyoming,
Dy ddyfroedd crwydredig a garaf yn gu,
Anwylach yw'th wyddfod gan feibion y dyffryn
Na chyfoeth gorbrisfawr yr Indiaid a fu :
Ar lenydd dy yrfa yr Indiaid a'r gwynddyn
Ymladdent nes lliwio dy ddyfroedd a gwaed,
Ond bellach anfynych y gwelir yr Indiaid
Byth mwy yn dy gyfarch ag olion eu traed.

Flow on, Susquehanna, thy name is immortal
With the deeds of the hero, the songs of the bard ;
No more will the war-cry of Indians disturb thee,
Nor the peace of the white man, in future, be marred.
Thy banks, that of yore were covered with wigwams,
Now cities and towns in splendor appear,
And thy war-cry is changed to the hum of industry,
Where the wanderers of earth meet in friendship so dear..

Flow on, Susquehanna, so tranquil and lovely,
On thy banks my muse has inspired with glee,
While the odor of flowers, the music of warblers,
Has entranced my heart to ever love thee.
But one small Elysium is by thee located,
Where the waters, by falling, are caused to foam ;
Let others despise thee, I ever will love thee,
The joy of my soul, my Nanticoke home.

Flow on Susquehanna, though some would deprive me
Of hearing the music thy waters doth make ;
But still I rejoice I've ne'er been dejected,
While thy banks are my refuge I'll stay for thy sake.
Flow on, then, my muse, like this beautiful river,
Till thou reach the blest ocean of justice and love,
Then, 'neath the delightful amaranthine sweet bowers,
Thou eternally shalt chant with the pure above.

Yn mlaen Susquehanna, dy enw fytholwyd,
Ag ymdrech gwroniaid a chanu y beirdd,
Rhyfelgan yr Indiaid ni chyffry dy rediad,
Diwydrwydd y gwynddyn wna'th lenydd yn hardd,
Y glenydd orfrithwyd gan fythod corachod,
Dinasoedd a threfydd a welais yn glud,
Newidiwyd rhyfelgan i adsain diwydrwydd,
Yn nawdd i ymfudwyr o bedair ban byd.

Yn mlaen Susquehanna, mor ber a charedig
Y can fy awenydd ar lenydd 'dy li',
Perarogl y blodau, a lleisiau yr adar
A swynant fy nghalon i dy garu di :
Un argae geir yma i groesi dy ddyfroedd,
A dyrcha drwy gwymp ewynau y don ,
Os eraill a'th rega myfi a'th fawrygaf,
Llawenydd fy enaid yw Nanticoke lon.

Yn mlaen Susquehanna, er fod i'm hattaliad,
Rhag clywed peroriaeth arafaidd dy li',
Er hyny hyfrydaf, ni synaf fy nghwrthod
Tra ar dy ororau le dyogel i mi ;
Yn mlaen fy awenydd yn hafal i'r afon,
Nes cyrhaedd yr hafan, terfynau dy daith,
Ac yno dan gysgodion hyfryd Amaranth
Cai lanio'n dragwyddol 'nol daearol daith.

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

O, have you not heard of that beautiful land,
 That the Saviour for us did regain,
 When he died to redeem a poor, fallen race,
 So that we in his glory may reign.

Chorus.—Come, drink from salvation's stream,
 That flows so full and so free ;
 It flows for all mankind,
 Since Jesus died on the tree.

That Eden of light is the pure Elysium,
 The garden of angels and flowers,
 Where the river of pleasure eternally flows,
 So tranquil beneath the bright bowers.

Cho.—Come, drink from salvation's stream, &c.

In that verdant abode the luxuriant trees
 With life that's immortal doth bloom ;
 And the angels are singing, while playing their harps,
 For the weary of earth here is room.

Cho.—Come, drink from salvation's stream, &c.

'Tis the home where friends and kindred shall meet,
 That were severed by death's chilly hand ;
 Then come, now, and drink from the waters of life,
 So to go to that beautiful land.

Cho.—Come, drink from salvation's stream, &c.

A GLYWSOCH CHWI ERIOED AM YR HYFRYD WLAD.

A glywsoch chwi erioed am yr hyfryd wlad

A enillodd ein Ceidwad i ni ?

Bu farw i achub y syrthiedig hil,

Mal y gallwn deyrnasu mewn bri.

Byrdion—Dewch yfwch o'r santeiddiol ddwr

A lifa'n llawn a rhad,

A red i'r oll o ddynolryw

O fynwes Iesu mad.

Yn Eden Elysian, yr hyfryd pur wawl,

Gardd engyl yn mhlith blodau gwall,

Lle rhed afon bywyd byth byth trwy y fro

Dan gysgod o bob lliw a dull.

Dewch yfwch, &c.

Rhwng coedydd toreithiog y gwinwydd a'r grawn,

A bywyd anfarwol y ne',

Telynau gan engyl yn adsain eu can

I deulu'r daearol y mae etto le.

Dewch yfwch, &c.

Y cartref lle cwrdda cyfeillion a char,

Ysgarwyd gan angau ryw dro,

O dewch ac yfwch o'r bywydol ddwr,

Gael myned i feddu y fro.

Dewch yfwch, &c.

AN ODE TO THE SUPREME BEING.

INSCRIBED TO MY CHRISTIAN FATHER-IN-LAW, DAVID W. JENKINS,
MAHANOEY CITY.

O, Thou that's seated upon the eternal summit,
Adored by all heaven's bright unnumbered throng,
That veil their faces with their wings of light,
And, with rapt devotion chant the immortal song.
O, Sovereign Lord, the great effulgent source,
From whom the flood-beams dart, to illumine
The distant regions of the unfathomed space,
Where no fair angel's wing did ever plume,
And from the farthest planet that revolves,
Next to the eternal clime of light and love,
Down, through the august planetary worlds,
By Thy almighty power all doth move.
At Thy divine command they first did spring
Into existence, and ever since by thee,
With all their countless throng, they always are
Partakers of Thy bounties that are free.
So mindful art Thou of the human host,
That none need be afraid on Thee to trust,
For Thou showerest blessings year on year around,
As great in number as the summer's dust.
O, Gracious One, how great must be Thyself,
When all doth find exuberance in Thee.
My feeble mind is lost in love sublime
At Thy all-glorious, boundless, blest infinity.

PRYDDEST AR Y BOD TRAGWYDDOL.

CYFLWYNEDIG I FY NHAD-Y'NGHYFRAITH, DAVID M. JENKINS,
MAHANAY CITY.

Tydi, sy'n eistedd ar golofnau entrych neu,
Fawrygir gan holl fodau dysglaer nef,
Orchuddiant eu gwynobau gydag edyn dydd,
Anfarwol gan a ront mewn uchel lef!
Goronog Arglwydd Dduw! yr holl rinweddol ffrwd
O'r hon y tardd pelydron gwawl i gyd,
Yr anfesurol gylchoedd drwy'r eangderau maith,
Lle ysgatfydd na fu edyn engyl clud,
O'r blaned bellaf sydd yn troi 'fewn rhoddawl gylch,
Yn nesaf at orsafle cariad pur,
I lawr drwy y serenog fydoedd, dy allu sydd
Yn llywio'r oll, heb ymdrafferthion cur:
Wrth dy orchymyn neidient i fodolaeth gynt
Encidiau dirif; beunydd ynot Ti
Yr ymhyfrydent; a than dy nodded yno maent
Yn gyfranogion rhyddid, er eu bri;
Gofalus wyt o'r ddynol hir, O nefol Dad,
Ymddiried ellir yn dy allu mawr,
Can's ti faddeui flwyddyn ar ol blwyddyn faith,
Y llu dirif, mal tywod man y llawr.
Oraddawl Ior! pwy blymia'th ddyfnderoedd di
Pan wyt yn achos o bob effaith sydd;
Fy meddwl gwan a gollir mewn efrydedd dwys,
O dan dy lachar annherfynol ddydd;

The same o'erwhelming Providence extends
To inferior creatures 'neath the starry sky,
Even from the condor to the humming-bird,
The aerial species Thou dost well supply,
And from the forest mammoth the squirrel,
Not one of all the numerous graded beasts
Is left to want within their forest home,
But all doth on Thy bounties ever feast,
And from the boa-constrictor, of enormous size,
To the small worm that creeps the verdant field.
They are all fed by Thy creative hand.
Thy store-house doth a plenty ever yield,
And ever in the watery world below,
From the great whale, that makes the liquid foam.
To the animalcula, which thirty thousand find
In a single drop of water ample room,
The small and great, alike Thy goodness share.
Not one dost thou despise, not one neglect,
All are provided for within their sphere.
For all Thy hands hath made Thou hast respect.
Yea all Thou didst proclaim "is very good,"
And even the stars they sang with sacred glee.
When Thou didst finish thy creative work,
And destined man above it all to be.
Thy glorious works my soul with joy surveys,
At such profound, majestic skill and love,
The Alpha and the Omega, Thyself,
From Earth below to that bright world above,

Gorlifiad dy Ragluniaeth gyrhaedd pob rhyw fod,
I'r gwael abwydyn is terfynau'r ser ;
O'r trychfil mawr hyd yr aderyn lleiaf sydd,
Ehediaid nef a borthi di yn ber ;
O'r mammoth hyd y wiwer drwy anialwch byd,
Nid oes greadur drwy derfynau'r Ior
Mewn diffyg o ddarpariaeth ar eu cyfer lwy,
O'r anial draw drwy ddyfnion gelloedd mor,
O'r seirff gwenwynig a felldithiaist ti, hyd at
Yr abwyd gwael ymlusgant yn y maes, •
A borthi'r oll o'th aneilyddol lywiol law,
Dy drysordy ni fydd yn wag na llaes
Yn mydoedd Neifion ceir dy bresenoldeb di,
O'r morfil mawr a heria'r grochwag don,
I'r man filionos, lle trig tri deg mil
Mewn gronyn bach—eu byd eu cartref llon ;
I'r mawr a'r man unwedd cyfrani heb nacad,
O'r oll a wnest dirmygu dim ni wnai ;
Drwy dy ymherodraeth gofali lywio'r oll
A wnaethost ti, ni welais ynddynt fai ;
Am yr oll a greaist dywedaist mai " da oedd,"
A ser y boreu a ganasant gerdd
Pan y gorphenaiast dy greadigol waitli,
Gosodaist ddyn yn benaeth daear werdd.
I fawredd dy weithredoedd fy enaid chwilio mae,
Y fath fawreddog allu yna sy,
Yr Alpha a'r Omega ydwyt ti dy hun,
O'r ddaear hon i le dy breswyl fry ;

Almighty Lord, O teach me to adore
 Thy sacred name, while on this sinful globe,
 And in my latest moments, O grant, I may
 But touch the hem of Thy celestial love.

WOMELSFORD'S FARM, February 11, 1877.

EPITAPH OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Kind reader, it may be interesting to you to know the epitaph my blind father desired me to put upon his tombstone. It is as follows: "Here lies the remains of EDWARD ALEXANDER DAVIES, late Drum Major of the 23d R. W. F. Through life he was a friend to all and an enemy to none but the deceitful.

"Thy that practise deception shall be rewarded with fire."

Here sleeps the late Drum Major Davies,
 That loyal did his country serve,
 And from the path of Christian duty
 His mind was never known to swerve.

He loved to converse with the pure,
 Deceitful people he would shun,
 His soul was like the virgin flower,
 His language clear as the sun.

And when the tide of life was ebbing,
 His features were serene and bright.
 And from this earth he was escorted
 By angels, to the realms of light.

WOMELSFORD'S FARM, January 6, 1877.

Yr Hollalluog Dduw, O dysg fi i'th fawrhau,
Tra yma'n bod, a rhoddi i ti y mawl
Ar derfyn oes, O Arglwydd caniata i mi
Gael cwrdd a'th wisg yn nghyntedd gwlad y gwawl.

BEDDARGRAFF Y MILWR CRISTIONOGOL.

Hynaw *Parlloes*, Ysgaf, dd y dydd yn ddyddorci genyt wybod mai y caulnoi yw
y bedd-argraff a crehymynodd fy anwyl dad dall ei osod ar ei fedd-faen:

Yma y gorwedd gweddillion EDWARD ALEXANDER DAVIES, diwedd ar
Rhyngill Tabyrddell yn y 23ain Gatrawd R. W. F. Drwy ei fywyd bu yu gyfaill i bob
rhinwedd—yn dlyn i heb ond y twyllodrus.

"A arfero dwyll a wobra yir a than."

Yma huna, y Rhingyll Davies,
Fu'n filwr ffyddlon dros ei wlad,
O gysegredig lwybrau rhinwedd
Ni wyrodd ef i dwyll a brad.

Fe garai ymgom a'r pur galon,
Gwrthodai y twyllodrus rai,
Ei enaid oedd mal "Rhos y Forwyn,"
A'i iaith yn bur mal haul didrai.

Pan ddeuodd trai ar for ei fywyd,
A grasol wen cofleidia'r ffydd,
A chludwyd ef gan engyl gwiwnef
I lawn dragwyddol oleu ddydd.

THOUGHTS UPON THE DIADEMS OF NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO CHARLES EDWARDS, PLYMOUTH.

And are those diadems of night
Revolving spheres like ours,
And peopled with immortal souls,
So capacious in their powers ?
Ah, yes ! I'm sure there's nothing made
In vain by that Great One ;
Each planet has its time and place
Within its course to run.

You now may turn to Jupiter,
His splendid belts to view,
While scene on scene sublimely
Will fill your mind anew,
And bring you more in union
With that Celestial One
That formed them at his pleasure,
For years unknown to run.

The vermillion rings of Saturn
Invite your upward gaze,
Their glorious form and grandeur
Will swell your sacred maze.
And when you have examined
Their great, majestic powers,
You will gratefully acknowledge
That orb excelleth ours.

Y BYDOEDD ARSEIRIAWL.

CVFLWYNEDIG I CHARLES EDWARDS, PLYMOUTH.

A yw asurawl emâu'r nos
Yn symud fel ein rhod;
A oes anfarwol fodau fel
Nyni mewn gallu'n bod?
Ha! oes, mi wn na chreodd Ior
Yn ofer unrhyw beth;
Pob planed fedd ei sedd a'i lle
O fewn ei gylch difeth.

Ar Jupiter arsylla dro,
Ei rwymau'n addurn sydd,
Golygfa ar olygfa ddyrch
Y meddwl fry mewn ffydd;
A'n dwyn i fwy o undeb gwir,
Yn nghallu'r nefawl Dad
A'u lluniodd wrth ei fodd ei hun
Cyn amsertwyll a brad.

Modrwyau eurawg Sadwrn draw
Wahodda'n trefniant ni,
Ardderchog fawredd, awyr li'
Yn chwyddo ddwyfol fri,
A phan fyfyrion ar ei maint,
A'i grym a'i gallu mawr,
Cydnabod wnawn ragoriaeth Duw
Ar bryfed gwael y llawr.

Furthermore, behold Arcturus,
With all his dazzling suns,
Unchanged through weary ages,
His destined course he runs,
Displaying so profoundly
The grandeur of his sphere,
Where millions in his circle
The Lord of Hosts revere.

Now, look at lovely Pleiades,
With such nocturnal scenes,
A lighting up the voids of space
With his fair, radiant beams.
Then turn your raptured vision,
Orion's bands to trace,
So striking and magnificent,
Within the depths of space.

Still further in immensity
Does world on world revolve,
Beyond the ken of human thought .
With telescope, to solve ;
For Milky Way has millions of
Those vast, effulgent gems,
That deck the trackless regions
Of the ethereal realms.

Yn mhellach draw Arcturus sydd
A'i eiliau glwys ar led,
Yn ddigyfnewid drwy bob oes,
Ei gylchoedd maith a red ;
Tywyna'r eangderau ban,
Gan harddwch gwir ei rod,
Tra bo miliwnau yn ei gylch
I Dduw yn rhoddi clod.

Gwel etto Pleiades, O mor wemp
Y fath orfreiniol em,
Ei gwaith lewyrcha leoedd bas,
O'i ysblenyddol drem ;
Drachefn trowch eich golwg craff,
Cewch Orion cain i'ch mawl ;
O'r tarawiadau gloywon sydd
Drwy eangderau'r gwawl.

Yn mhellach drwy'r eithafion lle
Mae bydoedd fyrdd yn troi,
Nad all gwybodaeth doethion byd
Drwy wydrddrychau roi ;
A'r llwybr llaethog, er ei faint,
Sydd lawn o emau'r nos,
Oreurant y nefolaidd gylch
Yn fyrdd o fodau tlos.

O, what a glorious idea
 Does all these worlds suggest,
 Of that Supreme Jehovah,
 On whom they all do trust ;
 And Oh ! what countless millions
 Of constellations shine,
 Between the starry Milky Way
 And that eternal clime.

But still, they all are cared for,
 And harmoniously agree .
 No discord notes were ever known
 'Mongst none of them to be.
 They ever have performed
 Their revolutions well,
 And sang their Author's praises,
 That doth in glory dwell.

Wemelsdorf's Farm, February 16, 1877.

HARRY. THOU ART THE STRANGER'S FRIEND.

Thy generous soul is like the rose,
 That blossoms by the fabled stream,
 Spreading delightful fragrance 'round,
 Unknown to winter's gloomy dream.
 So, like this rose, thy heart doth tend,
 Harry, thou art the stranger's friend.

O! y fath feddwl uchel a
Gynhyrcha'r bydoedd draw,
Am y Jehofa sy'n eu dal
A'i annerfynol law;
Y dirif ser sefydlog sydd
Yn brithio'r nenfwd mawr,
Cydrhwng y llaethog lwybr fry
A chyrau gwlad y gwawr.

Gofalu wneir am danynt oll,
Ynt gerddgar a chytun,
Heb adwaen ffaeledd o un rhyw,
Yn gyson bob yr un;
Bob amser yn eu cylchoedd tro'nt,
Gan ddadgan mawl i'w Rhen
Sy'n aros byth mewn nefol fri,
Eu Crewr mawr a'u Pen.

HARRI, CYFAILL Y DYEITHR-DDYN.

Dy enaid hael, mal rhosyn yw,
Sydd yn addurno'r rhedlif croch,
Yn lledu arogl hyfryd hedd,
Heb adwaen gauaf-wyntoedd broch;
Mal rhosyn mae dy galon di,
Ein Harri, cyfaill wyt i mi.

No wanderer didst thou ever see,
 But that thy heart would willing give,
 And aid him with unswerving love,
 In joy and happiness to live.
 Thy feelings 'long with his would blend,
 In fact, thou art the stranger's friend.

O, that mankind were all like thee,
 No one would ever stand in need,
 No partiality be known
 Among no kindred tongue or creed,
 But man on man he could depend,
 Were all, like thee, the stranger's friend

WEMPLE-DORF'S FARM, January 31, 1870.

WILLIAM LAPE; or, THE FADING FLOWER.

William Lape was a Union Soldier, and was taken prisoner by the rebels. His health was very much impaired from inhuman treatment.

Ah! lovely rose, how soon thy core
 Was blighted by the hostile fray;
 Inhuman treatment thus hath brought
 Thy form into a slow decay.

That flushing hue upon thy cheeks,
 Is like the fading autumn flower;
 When Phœbus hath withdrawn his rays,
 And gone for aye the sunny shower.

Ni welaist grwydryn, os yn dlawd
Heb ymddwyn ato megys brawd,
A'i gynorthwyo gyda gwen,
A'i godi ar adenydd ffawd ;
Drwy deimlad brawdol freiniol fri,
Ein Harri, cyfaill wyt i mi.

O na bai dynion oll 'runwedd,
Nid clai angen byth ar led,
Ni welid ochraeth gyda neb
O blaid i geraint, iaith na chred ;
Ond dyn ar ddyn osodai ffydd,
Pe pawb fel ti, y cyfaill rhydd.

Y BLODEUYN GWYWEDIG.

Yr eiddo William Lape yn ffwr yn myddin yr Undeb. Cymerwyd ef yn garcharwr gan y gwrthryfelwyr, a gwaethygodd ei iechyd gan eu triniaeth annynol.

Flodeuyn hardd, mor fuan aeth
Dy degweh drwy gaethiwed blin,
Annynol driniaeth gefaist ti
Yn iraidd ddoc, ond heddyw'n grin.

Dy fochau gwridgoch welwyd gynt,
Mal blodau hydref ydynt hwy,
Pan na rydd haul a'i wresog faeth.
Cawodydd teg ni welir mwy.

But still there is a fragrance there,
 Left to perfume life's thorny way,
 It kindles joy within my breast,
 And aids me in my troubled day.

And when the frosty night of death
 Will part thee from this vale of ours,
 O, may thy soul there ever bloom
 Where glory decks the virgin flowers.

WOMELSDORF'S FARM, January 29, 1874.

THE ADVENTUROUS BARD;

OR, THE HERO OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

It is well known that the Susquehanna River overflows its banks, especially in the Spring season, when the snow and ice melt upon the mountains. At that time the raftsmen convey their rafts, (which are made of boards or planks,) down the stream. At Nanticoke there is a dam crossing the river, and on the 8th day of April, 1871, while there was a vast number of spectators on its banks, they espied a raft containing three men, which, owing to the rapidity of the river, had gone too near the current of the dam, and in their bewilderment had lost all control upon their steerage; therefore there was no alternative but sudden death staring them in the face. Owing to the rapidity of the river it seems they were conveyed from the Horse-shoe Dam to Nanticoke, a distance of about one hundred miles during that day. The author of this volume, seeing their critical position, entrusted his life to the mercy of the waves. Procuring a boat, through great exertions, he saved their lives. But, before he had reached the shore, the raft was rent to pieces over the tremendous fall of the dam. Hence the following verses;

Thou friend of the muses, don't venture, I pray thee,
 The waves are o'erflowing, destruction will be,
 They all seem to challenge thy courage in glory,
 And the agents of death do welcome the three.

Ond etto gweddill yma sydd,
 All adfer iechyd byd o boen :
 Par hyn ddywenydd mawr i mi
 Os caf dy weled etto'n hoen.

Pan ddaw gwynt angau i dy gwrdd,
 A'th gludo draw o gyrau'r byd,
 Dy enaid fo'n blodeuo byth
 Yn safle mawr y blodau clud.

ANTURIAETH Y BARDD ;

NEU WRON V SUSQUEHANNA.

Mae yn wybyddus fod yr afon Susquehanna yn gorlifo dros ei glanau, yn bennodol telly pan tawdd y rhew a'r eira ar y mynyddau, yn y gwanwyn. Yn ystod y cyfryw amser cludir coed wedi eu llifo yn estyll, i ateb y gwahanol ddybenion, a gwneir hwynt yn ysgraffau i nofio hyd wyneb y dyfroedd. Yn Nanticoke y mae argae yn croesi yr afon, ac ar yr 8fed o Ebrill, 1871, pan oedd ugeiniau oddynion ar ei glanau, coanfyddais ddi o ddynion ar un o'r ysgraffau wedi myned yn rhy agos i'r argae, ac wedi colli pob llywodraeth ar eu rhwyfau, fel nad oedd dim yn eu haros ond angau disyfyd. O herwydd buander rhedegog yr afon, ymddengys ei bod wedi cludo y dynion tua chant o filldroedd y dydd hwnw. Gan fod awdwr y llyfr hwn yn eu canfod hwy a'r perygl yr oeddynt ynddo, anturiodd ei fywyd, cymerodd fad, a thrwy ymdrech galed achubodd eu hywydau. O'r braidd yr oeddynt wedi cyrhaedd y lan cyn i'r ysgraff fyned yn chwilfriw dros y zogwmp mawr a achosir gan yr argae.

Ah! gyfaill barddonol, rho heibio'th anturiaeth,

Mae sygniad yr argae ac ymchwydd y lli',
 Yn eglur ddywedyd mai gwell i ti oedi,
 Can's angau yn ddiâu sy'n aros y tri!

Nay, nay, cried William, myself I will venture,
If you, the bystanders, still will here stay,
To see fellow creatures in case so distressing,
Alone I will venture, come to what I may.

Ah! look at his small boat, as fighting the waters,
The objects of saving are crazy and wild,
No hope is expected. O, look at our hero!
On, on he is rowing, as a giant in pride.
The men are bewildered; to aid him they cannot;
Behold! the three raftsmen have reached the canoe.
Now, now for the combat! They fail in proceeding;
From awful destruction, O, God, save them,—do!

The boat is unsteady, it rolls like a drunkard!
Oh dear! what a pity, if lost near the shore;
Not one of the audience will venture to aid them,
And yet they shed tears in viewing the four.
Behold! there's another attempt at the rescue,
They now are proceeding to conquer the wave,
The boat is a coming, but slow in its progress,
And joy commence reigning, in hopes for to save.

'Tis coming! 'tis coming! O, saved! O, saved!
Cried hundreds of voices that rent through the air;
And William has proved a successful champion.
His fame on the pages of virtue will share.

Na, na, meddai Gwilym, anturiaf fy hunan,
Os nad oes un arall rhydd gymhorth ei law,
Na gwel'd ein cyd-ddynion yn ebyrth i'r tonau
Anturiaf fy hunan, a deued a ddaw.

Ah! gwel ei fad bychan yn ymladd a'r tonau,
Synwrau'r ysgraffwyr ddyryswyd yn awr!
Nid oes obaith mwyach! ust! edrych ar Gwilym,
Yn mlaen y mae'n myned yn debyg i gawr,
Ymwylltio mae'r dynion heb allu eu helpu;
Ust! etto mae'r tri wedi cyrhaedd y bad,
Yn awr am yr ymdrech, nis gallant ei rwyfo;
Rhag myn'd gyda'r crychlif O achub, Duw Dad!

Mae'r bad yn ymysgwyd fel meddwyn o gwmpas,
Ow! ow! y trueni os etto ar goll;
Nid oes a anturia ei fywyd i'w safio,
Ac etto'n tosturio ac wyllo maent oll!
Ah! dacw un ymdrech yn rhagor ar hwylio,
Yn wir y mae'n llwyddo yn erbyn y don!
Mae'n dyfod yn araf, mae gobaith am achub!
A phawb a ddechreuant i edrych yn llon!

Dynesa yn raddol! diangol! diangol!
Y dorf a grochfloeddient, a'u dwylaw ar led!
A Gwilym ein harwr yn fuddugoliaethus,
Bydd son am ei enw tra dynion a chred:

Reward for his labor he never expected,
 To defend the needy he ever will run,
 His soul is a fountain of virtue and kindness,
 Through all his proceedings his duty he done.

All ye Nanticokians, be truly united,
 To rise your champion with all your might,
 Your chieftain and counsel in need and in trouble,
 Protector of freedom, defender of right.
 'Tis justice he asketh ; on him bestow it,
 Protect all his doings, the pride of your glen ;
 Your actions towards him be as you wish others
 To bring forth among you, and I say amen.

DEWI IDIOTS

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

What name on earth can equal thine,
 Oh, gentle, tender mother, dear ;
 Or who explain that depth of love,
 Thy care and sorrow do doubt and fear

For on thy lily, care-worn breast,
 I've seen thy infant's weakly frame,
 While thou didst chant the bantling song,
 And now and then didst lisp its name

Nid oedd yn un elw i'n harwr dihafal,
Sydd wastad yn wadal i gynula y gwan ;
Gwneud lies a daioni yw ysbryd ei egni,
Yn ei holl weithredoedd cyflawna ei ran.

Chwylchwi, Nanticokiaid, un anian, un enaid
Y byddoch i'w ddyrchu ar edyn eich dawn,
Deallwyf fod Davies yn mliob gwir achosion
Yn flaenor uchelgar i ofyn eich iawn ;
Cyfiawnder a ofyn, a gwnewch hyny iddo,
Diffynwch ei eiddo, a chodwch ei ben,
A gwnewch fel y hyddai yn weddus i eraill
I wneuthur i chwithau, ddymunwyf, Amen.

DEWI IDLOES.

.. —
TYNERWCH Y FAM.

Yr anwyl lednais dyner fam,
Pa enw fel dy enw cu?
Pwy a ddarlunia'r cariad pur,
Dy ofal mawr a'th ofid du.

Can's ar dy fronau dihoen di
Y gwelais i dy febyn gwan,
Tra cenit ei ddyddanol gan,
A'i enw'n dilyn yn y man.

Soon as some inward pain would mar
The slumber of thy darling child,
Thy feelings would start up alarmed,
And burst in pangs of love so wild.

Oft have I seen thy briny tears
Flow on the little, harmless form,
Whilst thou didst press it to thy breast
With arms of love, to keep it warm.

Through watchful night and toiling day,
Thy mind has been harassed with care,
And countless tears bedew'd thy cheeks,
Fatiguing years has gray'd thy hair.

O, mother, as I speak thy name,
My feelings melt beyond control,
For thy dear angel form is stamp'd
Within the chambers of my soul.

Fair and tranquil be thy sleep
Within thy cold and narrow cell.
To fair expound a mother's love,
A seraph's tongue alone can tell.

Womelsdorf's Farm, February 14, 1874.



Pan ddeuai poen i ymlid cwsg,
Nes anesmwytho'th blentyn mad,
Ymwyltient dy deimladau hoff,
A llifai ffynon cariad llad.

Tra mynych bu dy dagrau heillt
Yn gwlychu gwedd dy febyn llon,
Er mwyn cynesu yr un bach,
Ei wasgu'n ddwysach at dy fron.

Drwy wyllo'r nos—llafurio'r dydd,
Dacth meddwl blin—gwanhaodd nwyd,
Y dagrau dreiglent dros dy rudd,
A'th ludded wnaeth dy wallt yn llwyd.

O mam, dy enw pan goffaf,
Mal picell i fy enaid yw,
Can's cerfiwyd dy angylaidd lun
Yn nghelloedd serch fy nghalon wyw.

Yn iach, boed i ti dawel hun
O fewn i gyrau'r ceufedd caeth,
I ddatgan rhinwedd tyner fam
Seraffiaid nef ni fedrant chwaith.





A FRIEND IN NEED.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO A. A. LAPE, Esq., M. D. EAST NANTICOKE, LUZERNE COUNTY, PA.

On the last Saturday in July, 1871, six workmen were employed by the Superintendent of the Nanticoke Coal Mines, to carry my furniture into the street, and turn me and my family out. All this was done simply for my endeavoring to obtain an advance in wages, which appertained to my fellow workmen as well as to myself. I ask the reader of this volume, in what manner can workmen expect to free themselves from the grasp of monopoly, when one workman can be hired to go and turn his fellow toiler out of his own humble cottage.

O, base, worthless, and cruel souls, were it not for your wives and little children, I would inscribe your names on the pages of history. I do not blame Brown, the constable, for doing his duty, yet he could have acted as an official, without the meanness of laughing at my calamity. Even when I accused him of his ill conduct, he intimated being so much acquainted with such work that he had lost his sympathetic feelings. The poetic assertion of Scotland's immortal bard is very true:

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

To thee, my friend, my faithful friend,
My muse awakes to bless
The many favors thou hast done
To me, when in distress.
For when myself and family
Were turned into the street,
A refuge thou didst for us find,
And kindly did us greet.



CYFAILL MEWN ANGEN.

CYFLWYNEDIG I'R ENWOG FEDDYG A. A. LAPE, EAST NANTICOKE,
SWYDD LUZEPNE, PA.

Ar y Sadwrn olaf yn Gorphenaf, 1871, huriwyd chwech dyn gan brif oruchwyliwr glofeydd Nanticoke i gludo ddrrefn fy nhy i'r heol, a'm gyru i a'm teulu allan. Gwnawd hyn oll o herwydd fy mod yn ymdrechu cael ychwaneg o gyflog am fy llafur i a'm cydweithwyr, yr hyn a ystyriem yn gyfiawn. Gofynaf i ddarllenwydd y gyfrol hon pa fodd y gall y gweithwyr ddysgwyl cael eu rhyddhau o afaelion trais a gormes pan yn cymeryd eu hurio i dafu eu cydweithwyr allan o'u hanneddau?

O! wehilion byd, cethern wael, ddideimlad ac annynol; oni bai eich gwragedd a'ch plant diniwed argraffwn eich henwau ar dudalennau hanesyddiaeth. Nid wyf yn beio Mr. Brown, y ceisbwl, am gyflawni ei swydd; ond dylai y corach hwnw weithredu heb arfer yr iselwch o chwerrthin am fy sefyllfa anfodus. Pan y cyhuddais ef o'i gamymddygiad, dywedodd ei fod wedi ymarfer cymmaint a'r fath waith nes oedd y nwyd o gydymdeimlad wedi ei lwyrr adael. Gwir a ddywed y bardd All-anaidd anfarwol—

“Gwna amynoliaeth dyn i dlyn
I oesau dirif boen.”

Hyd atat, ffrynd, fy ffyddlon ffrynd,
Fy awen fyn ei rhawd,
I dy fendithio am a wnest
I mi pan oeddwn dlawd;
Pan gefais i a'm teulu bach
Ein troi o'n hannedd fad,
Ti roddest i mi nodedd glud,
Gan ymddwyn megys tad.

That philanthropic act, indeed,
Is written on my heart,
And time doth make it brighter still,
As days and months depart.
And, while the Susquehanna flows,
For ages yet to come,
There's many more will bless thy name
For finding me a home.

Thou lovely Susquehanna's stream,
As thou dost onward flow,
O, chant the name of my friend, Lape,
Far as thy waters go.
And you, the feathered, happy throng,
O, warble forth his fame,
Till every breast is filled with love,
And loyalty the same.

Then will the tide of human woe
Forever cease to be,
And Justice spread her wings of love
O'er earth, from sea to sea.
So, when you see your fellow down,
The hand of love extend,
And try to do as he has done,
The Golden Miner's friend.

Y wir ddyngarol weithred dda
Argraffwyd dan fy mron,
Y nos a'r dydd mac'n dwyn o hyd
Mwy-fwy o gariad llon,
Tra rhed y Susquehanna fwyn
Dros oesau is y nef,
Bydd lluoedd yn dy foli di
Am geisio i mi dref.

Tydi, y Susquehanna hoff,
Tra byddot ar dy daith,
Adseinia enw'r cyfaill Lape
Drwy gy'ch dy rediad maith ;
A chwithau'r cor asgellog, O,
Cydroddwch iddo'ch dawn,
Nes bo calonau pawb trwy'r byd
A chariad oll yn llawn.

Ac yna derfydd dynol wae,
Cyfiawnder dwyfol Ior
A leda esgyll cariad rhad
Drwy'r byd o for i for ;
A phan y gweloch ef ar lawr
Cyfodwch ef i'r lan ;
Gwnewch iddo ef fel gwnaeth ei ffrynd
I'r MWNWR EURAIDD gwan.

A HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.

Awake, my soul, and tune thy harp,
To glory by thy sacred Lord,
This is the day he has ordained
That we his victory should record.

The confines of the gloomy grave,
My blest Redeemer he did break ;
And by his heavenly, sovereign power,
The dead from slumber did awake.

Then let each soul, with love divine,
Now chant the triumphs of his grace,
For giving us a day of rest,
That we his Holy Word may trace.

So let our songs in homage tell,
How well the Conqueror did regain
The Paradise that man had lost,
To satisfy Jehovah's claim.

Rejoice, ye fallen sons of men,
The law is honored by his love,
And all mankind they now can find,
An entrance to the courts above.

HYMN I'R SABBATH.

Dihuna, enaid, dannau nwyf,
I ddadgan mawl i Arglwydd nef,
Can's dyma'r dydd ordeiniobd Duw
I roi'r gogoniant iddo ef.

Caethiwed erch y beddrod du
A dorwyd gan yr Iesu mawr,
A thrwy ei nefol allu bu
Rhyddhad i feirwon gwael y llawr.

Mewn cariad dwyfol deuwch oll
I ganu i'w anfeidrol rad
Am roi i ni ei santaidd ddydd
I chwilio'n ddwys i'w lyfr mad.

Gadewn i'n canau eglur ddweyd
Am fuddugoliaeth fawr ein Glyw,
Y wynfa gollwyd ddaeth yn ol,
Nes adfer dyn, a boddlon Duw.

Cydlawenhewch holl deulu'r cwmp,
Y ddeddf foddlonwyd trwy ei wa'd,
A dynolryw yn awr a gant
Fynedfa at eu nefol Dad.

THE CHRISTIAN.

This is the highest name we can possess,
 While travelling through this wilderness.
 All other names on earth will soon be lost,
 Because they never did their value cost,
 But he who has this name and title won,
 By imitating God's beloved Son,
 His soul it is a fount of joy and love,
 Replenished from the Eternal Fount above.
 And when the starry orbs will cease to roll,
 And earth no more will reach the northern pole,
 The angel's trump will bid the dead arise
 To meet their God in glory or surprise ;
 But Christ will know his Christians from the rest,
 And change their names to saints forever blest.

Mechanoy City, April 7, 1876.

A CRADLE SONG.

WRITTEN WHILE THE WIFE OF DR. A. A. LAPE WAS SINGING HER
 LITTLE CHILD TO SLEEP.

O sleep, my gentle little baby,
 While thy mother charms thy rest,
 Nothing here shall mar thy slumber,
 Thou art my tender infant blest.

Y CRISTION.

Yr enw uwchaf mewn gwynfyd ac mewn bryd,
Wrth deithio drwy anialwch byd ;
Dyddimir enwau eraill gan ei nerth,
A hyny drwy na chafodd fawr eu gwerth :
Yr hwn enilla'r enw iddo ei hun,
Drwy efelychu a chredu'n Mab y dyn,
Ei enaid sydd yn ffynon cariad cun,
Ddiwallir o ffynonell Duw ei hun.
Pan dderfydd cylch reolaidd ser y gwawl,
A cholli o'r ddacar ei phegynol hawl,
Yr udgorn gan, a'r meirw ddaw i'r lan,
A gwysir hwy i wydd y Barnwr ban ;
Didola hwynt, a'i ddefaid gymer ef ;
A'u henwau mwy fydd seintiau nef y nef.

..

CAN Y CRYD.

A GYMGANSODDLYD PAN OEDD ANWYL BRID Y MEDDYG LAPF
LAST NANTICOKE, YN SIGLO EI BABAN I GYSGU.

O cysga di, fy anwyl faban,
Tra byddo'th fam yn swyno'th hun,
Nid oes un bod a faidd dy gyffro,
O herwydd ti yw'm tyner un.

Thou art provided far superior
Than the One that once was born
In the Bethlehem humble manger,
Among the oxen, quite forlorn.

But thou, my tender, lovely baby,
Hast a home, with friends to dwell,
And thy mother chants beside thee,
With whom thou art acquainted well.

For oft upon thy mother's bosom,
Thy tranquil form has gone to sleep,
While my arms I clasped around thee,
My eyes thy wants did watchful keep.

Then sleep, my solace, little infant,
Ease thy mother's care-worn brow ;
For, didst thou know my tired feelings,
Thou wouldst repose in slumber now.

So sweetly slumber, O my darling,
For angels 'round thy cradle dwell,
And no one but thy faithful mother
Can thy wants and feelings tell.

East Nanticoke, February 23, 1872.



Darparwyd i ti le ragoraeh
Na wnaethpwyd i Dywysog nef,
Draw yn Methl'em, yn y preseb,
Yn mhlith ychain ganwyd ef.

Ond genyt ti, fy anwyl-blentyn,
Mae cartref a chyfeillion mad,
A mam i ganu yn dy ymyl,
A'th wylied beunydd heb nacad.

O herwydd mynych yn ei breichiau
I fynwes cwsg y syrthiaist ti ;
Mantellau'm cariad oedd am danat,
A'm llygaid graffent ar dy fri.

Gan hyny cysga'm iraidd blentyn,
Ac esmwytha flinedig fam,
A phe gwybyddit ei theimladau
Ni fynet iddi dderbyn nam.

O huna'n felus, fy anwylyd,
Angylion wylant 'gylch dy gryd ;
Ac nid oes fel mam anwylaf
'Ddiwallu'th angen yn y byd.





THE DESERTEED PATH.

The lines were composed while on a walk through the woods. The old farm referred to is situated about two miles from Wanamie, on the left-hand side of the road leading to Shickshinny.

One day, as we rambled through woodland and glen,
 The beauties of nature delighting to ken,
 We dropp'd on a path on which many had trod,
 But trees are now growing from the desolate sod.

Its ancient appearance it struck us with awe
 As we gazed on the path and the relics we saw,
 We wondered whoever had lived in the place,
 And what had become of the adventurous race.

One-half of a century has glided away,
 Since there an old farmer delighted to stay ;
 His name it was Hawk, from what I can hear,
 But gone is the pilgrim from trouble and fear.

The wild birds are chanting around the old barn,
 The only memento now left of the farm ;
 For quite isolated is everything 'round,
 And nothing domestic is there to be found,

The scenes that of yore were rural and bright,
Are now changed to the gloom and aspect of night,
For the voices that cheered the once lovely dell,
In silence have bade it forever farewell.

How constant the agent of time goes around,
Decaying all things in his way that is found,
But man can rejoice that when time is no more
His soul it will bloom on the pearly bright shore.

Wanamie, April 15, 1870.

♦♦♦♦♦

MY SILENT FRIEND.

Thou blest benefactor my muse it aspires
In gratitude ever thy actions to tell,
Till thy fame has resounded from ocean to ocean,
Thou friend of the needy and pride of the dell.
The angels of light, from the suburbs of glory,
With rapture hath viewed thee as thou didst extend
The hand of support to the poor and the needy,
While myself I have found thee the faithfulest friend.

My friend hast thou been when misfortune befel me,
By guiding me safe through the clouds of distress :
Thy hand and thy heart both loyal hath proved,
And thy soul full of virtue e'er aimed to bless.

And now, as old age thy form is a-bending,
Thy actions doth shine like the gems of the night,
And thy tranquil abode with tears will be sprinkled,
When thy soul into glory hath wended its flight.

Though but seldom again, my dear, faithful friend,
We shall meet in the future, the past to review,
But Oh, may we meet in that radiant abode,
Where no one can breathe the cold word of adieu.
But one favor I ask, should Providence grant,
To wipe the cold sweat that may roll on thy brow,
When the angels are bidding thee come to thy rest,
As thou to the will of thy Saviour doth bow.

THE "ANTHRACITE MONITOR" OF 1871.

Once more upon the Atlantic sea of life
She floats, to meet the tidal waves again,
Rebuilt, enlarged with philanthropic strength,
Another year to face the frowning main.
She nobly has survived the tempests of the past,
And brought her cargoes to the toiler's port,
Though many have desired to see her sink,
To gratify their evil minds with sport.
But, ah! 'tis not in cowards' finite minds
To see the light of Justice, Truth, and Love.

But they who sacred hold the rights of man,
They see as saints do see, the clear light above,
And what would life be if we were to live
Without sustaining labor's just demand?
Why like the brutes that perish, we would fall,
No more to rise upon the sacred stand.
Look back two years ago, my fellow men,
Upon the cloudy state of labor then;
When lo, the monitorial bark appeared
To guide the toiler from the gloomy glen.
God speed her, on another year to sail
The fluctuating seas of busy life,
And bring employers and their employees
In unison and love instead of strife.
Thus will this great and glorious land survive
The fate that has on other lands befell,
And countless millions sing in high esteem,
Of those who for its liberty have fell.
Then let us ever be in one unbroken band,
The scattered sons of every age and land,
United stand in every trying hour,
And manly face the storm when tyrants lower.
A happy new year, then, to each union man,
Whose heart is willing to do all it can
To spread the fragrance of delight around,
Upon the surface and beneath the ground.
A blessing on the pilot of this bark,
And may he reach his well progressive mark.

That when the year of seventy-one is out,
 We shall not be upon the gloomy route,
 But sing with joy of union evermore,
 Until we reach a fairer, happier shore.

East Nanticoke, December 28, 1870.

THE LAST DAY OF THE PLYMOUTH PILGRIM.

The body of a man was found at the foot of the "Honey Pot" mountain, near the Susquehanna River, in the township of Newport, on the 21st of April, 1872, by two men, who were going to fish. Upon investigation it was ascertained that the name of the dead man was John Elliot, of Plymouth, Pa. The following poem shortly thereafter appeared in the Plymouth STAR:

The chilly winds of cold December's fury
 His silver locks were waving to and fro,
 As he perambulated sad and weary,
 To try and reach the poorhouse, full of woe.

Fatigued at last, upon a log he seated
 His aged form, beside the lovely stream;
 And who can tell how much he meditated
 On days gone by, appearing like a dream.

Methinks he slept, and dreamed he was reclining
 In the arm chair within the tranquil cot,
 And heard the footsteps and the voices sounding
 Upon the floor of the bright, hallowed spot.

And ere he woke from the enraptured vision
He heard the music of the feathered throng,
Which filled his soul with sacred exaltation,
In praise to Him to whom all praise belongs.

Old Phcebus from the zenith had descended,
When he awoke from this sweet, heavenly dream,
And heard the rustling leaves that blended
'Long with the murmuring of the flowing stream.

He gazed around him, struck with consternation,
While snow-flakes fell upon his hoary head ;
He wept, he cried, entreated for salvation,
But naught was for him but a woodland bed.

The narrow track that leads to the asylum,
Has disappeared from his waning sight ;
No ray of hope illuminates his bosom,
But scenes of day transformed to sable night.

Beside the log he then his form reclined,
And laid his arm across his swelling breast ;
And Oh ! we trust, his soul he then resigned
Unto Jehovah's gracious, wise behest.

O ! shall I say that silence was in glory,
When pangs of death his bosom did expand ;
That angels chanted the redeeming story,
And bade him welcome to the better land ?

He sleepeth now to wait the latest herald,
At whose command he'll leave the silent ground;
Then may that name be brighter than the emerald,
Upon his brow, where sorrow once was found.

Wanamie, April 11, 1871.

THE LITTLE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

We long to see the cottage where our grandfather dwells,
To hear him relate the old stories he often unto us did tell,
But now the Atlantic is rolling between us and the dear cot,
Still the happy, sweet hours of childhood on earth will not be
forgot.

Your hoary, white head, dear sire, we fear we never shall see,
For age your form is a bending, and soon you will for to be,
But still your form will be cherished along with the seasons
of yore,
And the blessings you on us conferred remembered will be
evermore.

Our minds are so troubled about you, we fancy your person
we see,
A walking through the bright bowers where often you led
Tom and me
To hear the little singing birds and gather the lovely, sweet
flowers,
But gone are they now, aged sire, those golden and fair sunny
hours.

But still we hope, dear sire, we shall meet in that Eden above,
Where water nor death cannot part us, but there we eternal
shall love,
And walk through the bowers of glory, their pleasures and
beauties to trace,
So adieu, aged sire, till we meet in that glorified place.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO SAMUEL LINES.

Beyond the vaulted, starry spheres,
There is a blest, eternal space,
Where God himself majestic reigns,
In all his glory, love and grace.

No thoughts can soar, no words explain
The beauties of that sacred clime ;
But still aspiring thoughts revive
Our drooping souls with joys sublime.

There's music in the name of heaven ;
It means a place of joy and rest,
Where the redeemed of earth retire,
To dwell eternal with the blest.

The Banks of Susquehanna.

How vain would be our future hopes
If there no place of refuge were ;
Our minds would be absorbed in gloom,
And ne'er a single joy would share.

But the immortal soul proclaims
There is a land of light and life,
Where verdant scenes so tranquil bloom,
Free from the withering gales of strife

Ah, yes ; 'tis a pure abode
My soul asserts without a dread,
Where the unfading spirit lives
When its frail tenement is dead.

It is a fertile, blooming clime,
Where founts of glory ever flow ;
I blush in trying to explain
What saints in paradise shall know.

To say unnumbered dazzling orbs
Illumine the blissful realms with light,
Would be the same as to compare
Meridian noon with middle night.

There needs no planetary suns
To light the radiant plains above ;
No glimmering stars, no moon declines
O'er those celestial groves of love.

Perfection in its glory there
Supremely reigns, divinely bright,
And all the suns of countless worlds
Would doubt at His effulgent sight.

God and the Lamb is all the light
Of that transcendent, holy place ;
And all the myriad angel throngs
Will ne'er its full perfection trace.

And what can our poor feeble minds
Explain of such a place as this ;
And all that we know at present is,
It is a land of endless bliss.

Ten thousand earthly Edens would
In insignificance be lost,
As trying to contrast them with
The Eden of the glittering host.

And yet this heritage is thine,
Frail wanderer of this sinful earth,
If thou wilt seek the Saviour's love,
And realize his sacred worth.

Then come, dejected, fallen man,
And seek thy Jesus so divine ;
Then, after death, eternal know
The fullness of those joys sublime.

Eden of Edens, the angels' home,
 O may we reach thy pearly shore ;
 Then with the rapturous, holy throng
 Forever the dear Lord adore.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

INSCRIBED TO E. D. BARTHE, F.S.S.

'Tis nine o'clock ; the morning sun is shining,
 On half his way towards meridian glory,
 As 'round the cross the angry mob are thronging,
 To see the end of the prophetic story.

So on the cross they lay the blest Redeemer,
 And then his hands and feet they proudly nail,
 Yet through it all he breatheth not a murmur,
 But prays for those that scornful at him rail.

He looks with pity on his tender mother,
 And calmly says : "Woman, behold thy son ;"
 But to his duty he is as firm as ever,
 And knows that soon the victory will be won.

His graceful form, that once appeared so lovely,
 Is marred with anguish and with bloody sweat ;
 And still the rabble, in their rage and fury,
 Their poisonous arrows at his person let.

Two criminals beside him are suspended ;
The one derides the honor of his fame,
The other owns the power of His Godhead,
And seeks a favor in his glorious name.

“To-day,” replies the kind and gentle Saviour,
“Shalt thou in paradise be 'long with me.”
What consolation to a dying sinner
To know that he 'long with his Lord shall be.

For three long hours has the cruel audience
Upon the feelings of the Saviour trod ;
So agonizing is his marred appearance
That even Phœbus blushes to see his God.

The heavens doth now assume the garb of woe,
To mourn for the eternal Prince of Light ;
And fear and horror fills each mind below,
As middle day is changed to sable night.

With pain and thirst, at last, he is exhausted ;
The bitter cup is drained to the core ;
No longer can the Son of God be taunted,
His heart has yielded all its vital gore.

'Tis three o'clock, just as the battle endeth,
When on his Father, lo ! he loudly cries ;
He bows his sacred head and then ascendeth
In glorious triumph to his native skies.

Now rending rocks and opening graves sustain
The truth that Jesus died upon the tree,
And even the throng, so brutish and so vain,
Doth all assert the Son of God was he.

What countless angels crowd the bounds eternal,
To bid the victor welcome to his home ;
While seraphs open wide the gates supernal,
Ready to lead Emanuel to his throne.

The glittering train at last appears in view,
Heralded by the harbingers of light ;
And rapturous glory fills the host anew,
At the redeeming, blest, effulgent sight.

And as he enters the Celestial City,
Amid the greetings of the sacred throng,
They veil their faces at his royal beauty,
And then they open the immortal song.

The seraphs then escort him to his throne,
There in his glory ever more to reign ;
And heaven doth echo with the hallowed tone,
"Worthy the lamb that was for sinners slain!"



Y DDINAS NEFOL.

CYFIEITHIAD O'R "CELESTIAL CITY," TUD. 181.

Tu hwnt i'r cylch serenog
Rhyw annherfynol wagle sydd ;
A Duw ei hun ar orsedd sydd
Yn ei ogoniant bythol fydd.

Pa feddwl ddichon eglurhau
Y ceinion gogoneddus draw,
Er hyn y meddwl treiddio wna,
A chysur pur i'w enaid ddaw.

Peroriaeth sydd yn enw'r nef,
Meddylia, lle i orphwys byth,
Lle cludir cadfridogion dewr
I gael tragwyddol wneud eu nyth.

Mor ynfyd fai'n gobeithion ni
Pe na bai noddfa ini'n bod,
Y meddwl mewn arweol wyll,
Heb wir lawenydd is y rhod.

Anfarwol fywyd lawenha
Fod tir o fywyd ac o fawl,
Sef lle rhamantus olygfeydd,
Heb grino, fydd yn ngwlad y gwawl.

Ha ! yno mae y santaidd lu,
 Fy enaid hoedda heb un gwrid,
 Lle bydd i'r ysbryd gywir fyw
 Pan edy'r corff i'r ddaear bridd.

Ardderchog ydyw yn ddiaw,
 Lle tardd ffynonau grisial chweg,
 Mi wridaf fi wrth geisio dweyd
 Y bri gaiff saint Paradwys well.

I ddweyd fod myrdd o lachar ser
 Yn llewyrch i'r gororau tlos,
 Unwedd ag efelychu y
 Cyhudedd, nawn a gwyll y nos

Planedau'r heulbarth, heiliau tan,
 Diangen ynt i oleu'r wlad,
 Y ser ysblenydd llewyrch lloer,
 Ni fyn gororau cariad rhad.

Perffeithrwydd yno sydd i'w gael
 Yn llywio'r dduwinyddol dref,
 A heuliau bydoedd sy'n ddirif
 Ddiffoddent ar ei lewyrch ef.

Ein Duw a'r Oen yw'r gwawl i gyd,
 Ei adnewyddol lewyrch lu,
 A'r llu afrifed engyl sydd
 Ni thraethant byth berffeithrwydd ni.

Pa beth all ein dychymyg ni
Olrheinio i'r fath ddanteithiol wledd ?
Yr oll a wyddom ydyw hyn,
Ei bod yn wlad o fythol hedd.

Rhyw ddengmil o Edenau'r byd
A syrthient i dragwyddol goll
Pe tynid cyffelybiaeth o
Yr Eden hon sydd oll yn oll.

Ac eto'th etifeddiaeth yw,
Grwydredig ddyn mewn pechod cas,
Os wyt am feddu cariad Crist
Diwygia 'nawr a chais ei ras.

Gan hyny tyred, fab y cwymp,
A chais yr Iesu i dy hawl,
Ar ol marwolaeth gwybod gai
Ddirgelwch nodwedd gwlad y gwawl.

Ha ! Eden yr Edenau oll,
Lle engyl, na chawn yno fod,
Pan gyda'r llu dyrchafwn lef,
I'm Arglwydd mawr, gan seinio'i glod.



CONTENTS.

NOTE.—The poems in the Welsh are on the pages opposite to the corresponding poems in English.

	Page.
A BRIEF ADDRESS.....	42
ADVENTUROUS BARD, THE.....	156
A FRIEND IN NEED.....	164
A HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.....	168
A MOTHER'S LOVE.....	169
"ANTHRACITE MONITOR" OF 1871, THE.....	176
BAPTISTRY OF ZION, THE.....	189
BUCKVILLE BLACKSMITH, THE.....	28
CHRISTIAN, THE.....	170
CHRIST ON THE CROSS.....	184
COLUMBIA.....	58
COW, THE.....	114
CRADLE SONG.....	174

	Page.
DESERTED PATH, THE.....	174
DO WHAT YOU CAN.....	46
EAST NANTICOKE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.....	83
EPITAPH OF THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.....	146
EPITAPH ON HANNAH THOMAS.....	70
FEAR NOT.....	111
FLOW ON, SUSQUEHANNA.....	136
FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.....	126
HARRY, THOU ART THE STRANGER'S FRIEND.....	152
HAVE YOU NOT HEARD OF THE BEAUTIFUL LAND?.....	140
IN MEMORIAM.....	60
JESUS, THE SINNER'S FRIEND.....	102
LINES TO THE REV. JOHN BEECHER.....	30
LITTLE CHILDREN.....	112
LLEWELLYN'S GRAVE.....	40
LOOMIS JUSTIN R.....	74
MINER'S DREAM, THE.....	50
MY CHIEFTAIN NOT FORGOTTEN.....	94
MY OLD FRIEND JOHN.....	78
MY SILENT FRIEND.....	175
ODE TO THE SUPREME BEING.....	142
ODE TO WASHINGTON.....	22
O, THAT WITH THEE, MY FAITHFUL FATHER.....	132
THE CELESTIAL CITY.....	181

Contents.

iii.

	Page.
THE CHRISTIAN'S MARCH TO THE CITY OF LIGHT.....	34
THE CLOSING OF THE TERM.....	2
THE LAST DAY OF THE PLYMOUTH PILGRIM.....	178
THE LITTLE EMIGRANT'S SONG.....	180
THOUGHTS UPON HOPE.....	100
THOUGHTS UPON THE DIADEMS OF NIGHT.....	148
TRY GENTLE VOICE, MY MOTHER DEAR.....	54
TO A. N. HUMPHREYS.....	60
TO EDITH.....	124
TO ELIZA BLAKE.....	125
TO MY MARIA.....	82
TO THE "ANTHRACITE MONITOR," 1872.....	56
TO THOMAS WALTER PRICE.....	11
VISITING PHYSICIAN, THE.....	120
WANDERER'S PRAYER, THE.....	13
WILLIAM LAPE; OR, THE FADING FLOWER.....	15



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 663 170 6

